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The Annual Reflector

JUNE, 1928



CENTRAL
JUNIOR
HIGH
SCHOOL
SAGINAW,
MICHIGAN

Friends:

As we turn these pages, kindly let us pause to give a word of recognition to those who have endeavored to make the book outstanding.

MISS FLANDERS, for her hours of work and kindly advice as sponsor.

MESSRS. DISTLER AND CLARKE, for untiring efforts with the boys of the printing classes who did the work.

THE ART DEPARTMENT; MISSES McEACHRON, AUSTIN AND BEIERLE for their fine cooperation.

PARENT-TEACHERS, for financing prizes for our stories.

PUPILS, for composition, press work and binding.

ENGLISH TEACHERS, for copy reading and judging.

FACULTY MEMBERS AND PUPILS, for the fine degree of cooperation needed to make a success of the work.

Yours for happiness,

N. W. CHAFFEE.

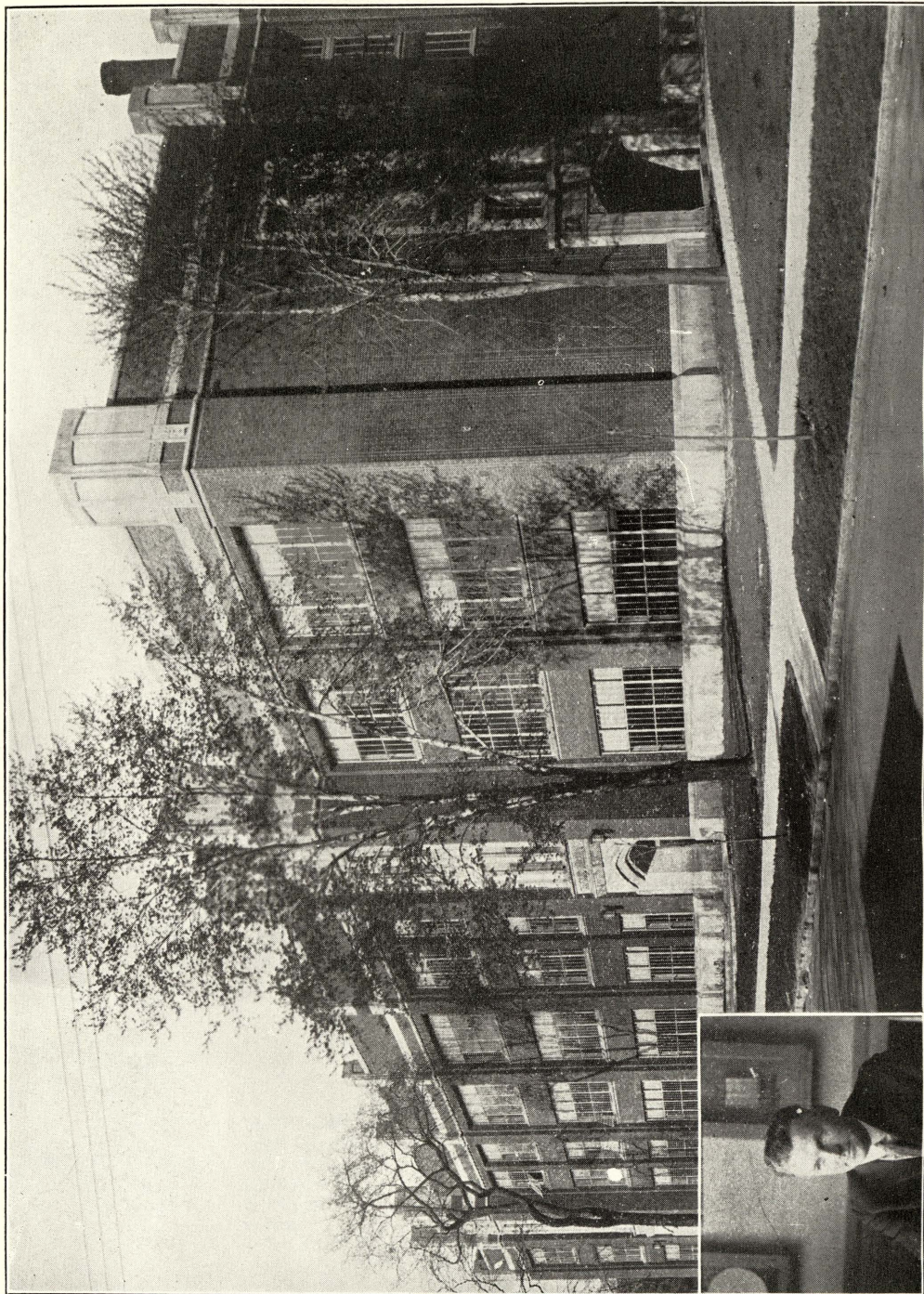
Saginaw, Mich. Central junior high school

The Annual Reflector

Published by the
Students of Saginaw Central
Junior High School
Saginaw, Michigan
June, 1928



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WILLIAM RORKE		Associate Editor
BLANCHE OHLAND		Literary Editor
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OUR SCHOOL AND ITS PRINCIPAL

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DEDICATED TO
OUR ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

Grace S. Ryman

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*"To say well is good, but to do well is better;
Do well is the spirit, and say well the letter."*

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Individualization

PARENTS, teachers, and pupils—the problem of modern-day education is to produce efficiency or expertness—to develop skills—to make one able to support himself and probably others through his own ability and yet to make him a human, willing to give and take in the world, in the most unselfish manner possible.



It is generally conceded that this efficiency or skill development, this money-making power, comes from individual effort, while the socializing humanizing, also money-making, self-sacrificing development comes from creative group activity. Are you able to meet properly, get along with, help, sympathize with, and give of your talent and time to the group? How much of a thrill do you get when the flag goes by? It represents the group. How much pleasure do you experience after sacrificing for someone else? What other values come from your group activities?

In early history of education practically all instruction was of the individual type. Community gatherings in the old town meeting gave the social trend. With the development of the class system of instruction, the pendulum swung to the group type of instruction and the general justified criticism of this type is that the individual has largely been lost track of, while attention has been on the group entirely.

Now a little contemplation will lead us to see that it is not the mass but the individual who gives the school a bad name. It is not the sixteen hundred, but the one or two of the sixteen hundred who go to the reform school or the girls' home each year. It is not the sixteen hundred who write a book, win the prize, relieve the sick, or return the lost money,—it is the eight, ten, or twelve. More must be done for the individual both for efficiency and for the human reason. We must individualize in the group.

A tentative yet practical plan of individualization has been given us in the Twenty-fourth Year Book of the National Society for the Study of Education.

Here it is:

What can students, teachers, and parents do in 1928 to '29 to put this program over in Central Junior High School?

1. The curriculum is to be outlined in terms of the common essentials on the one hand, and group and creative activities on the other.
2. The common essentials are to be subdivided into specific measurable units of achievement.
3. Complete diagnostic tests are to be prepared to cover each of these units of achievement.
4. Self-instructive and self-corrective practice materials are to be prepared to enable children to get ready for the tests individually or to repair deficiencies shown by the tests. These materials will probably ultimately result in a new type of textbook. Temporarily they may be merely assignment sheets accompanying, supplementing, and clarifying the ordinary text.
5. A simple record system is to be incorporated by means of which each child's progress may be noted.
6. Provision is to be made for individual subject promotions, not necessarily involving change of room, but merely continuance from the completed unit in any subject to the next unit in that subject.
7. Ample provision is to be made (about half the morning and half the afternoon) for a wide variety of group and creative activities.

Try individualizing in every department but keep the group effort and influence as well. You are original? How original? What can you do in the field of method? Have you a contribution to make to educational method? Can you apply this outline to your work?

PROGNOSTIC TEST
SELF INSTRUCTION
SELF TEST
SELF CORRECTION
SELF TEST
TEACHER TEST
RECORD

N. W. CHAFFEE

THE ANNUAL REFLECTOR



The Reflector Club

THE ANNUAL REFLECTOR makes its fifth bow to the public. Each year has added to its size, its content, its appearance, its distribution, not only in our Central Junior High but in a number of "exchanges." We travel North, South, East and West, receiving some very flattering comments and then again, some which are constructive which we try to adopt in order to better our publication.

The purpose of the Reflector Club is to supply the material that goes in the making of our paper. The club met, throughout the year, in Room 201, clearing hour, Mondays, under the able directorship of Miss Flanders. She often said, "There are to be no drones in this hive, nor any queen bee, but each is to be a worker!"

The club has developed some literary ability along the lines of story writing, poetry, feature articles, news items and the like. When any one member knows or hears of anyone or thing that might be of interest to the people, it is his business to write an article about it and see that it is put into the paper.

We try to have each department well represented each month, thus: band; orchestra, art, athletics, commercial, vocational, shop, dramatics, clubs, all have a show. If there is more about one department than another it means that the representative for that department has more

pep, gets there first and proceeds to have his article published.

The Reflector Club this year was perhaps the best that it has ever been. There were seven regular issues of our magazine this year and one final edition as usual. Five of the issues consisted of the regular twelve pages. The Christmas number was the largest and the best regular issue that the club has ever published, having a two-colored cover, the magazine itself consisting of eighteen pages. And now this annual has more pages than ever before, although the pages are smaller, but we leave it up to you to rate. The style of this year's issues was changed a little. A new type of cover appeared on the last two issues; two serial stories, "The Green Diamond" and "The Trip of the 1011" have been running in the magazine; "dramatics" was given a bigger writeup; more poems and less jokes were written; many more stories were published. But you seemed to like this change.

Several months ago the club sponsored a big literary contest, with great success. The prize winning articles of this contest may be found in the following pages.

We thank the student body for their helpful interest. Next year, with even greater cooperation, perhaps a better club may be established and the publication meet with even greater success.

Robert M. Heavenrich

The Reflector Literary Contest

IN the assemblies of March 21 and 22, seventeen worthy pupils received the awards of the Reflector Contest. The English committee worked over two weeks to come to decisions regarding the prizes. There is no question about the fairness of the decisions. All the prize winners deserved their awards. The Reflector Club wishes to thank the English committee who so faithfully judged this contest.

The contest was a very successful one. More than one hundred and twenty-five articles were handed in. To be exact, fifty-five stories, fifty-two poems, fifteen feature stories, and twelve miscellaneous articles were submitted. It is beyond a doubt that if the Reflector Club next year is as peppy as this year's club was, other competitions perhaps even better than this last one, will be entered into.

This year's literary experiment had many interesting results. The material handed in the Poetry division was on the whole, of a higher type than the prose articles. The 7B, 7A, 8B group seemed to have an instinctive feeling for rhythm. This may partially be accounted for through the fact that seventh grade auditorium classes study and recite poetry. Next in literary excellence we would place the stories. In this department the younger group fell down, however. So much so that the judges did not find any story worthy of third prize but some very excellent stories were written by the 8A, 9B, 9A group. In the Christmas Reflector, in which the contest was announced, the club stated a third classification would consist of news items, editorials, book reviews, treatises and the like.

The judges thought it best to change this last classification making two divisions, with only three prizes instead of six each. The first division included only feature stories because of the number of well-written feature stories that were selected. The other division they dubbed "Miscellaneous classification" consisting of information articles, historical sketches, editorials and so forth. The judges also found that there was a great difference

between somewhat facile pen of the older group as compared with the rather halting one of the younger group.

The Central Junior Parent-Teachers association very graciously donated the first and second prizes. Again the Reflector Club wishes to thank them for making this contest possible. Mr. Chaffee contributed the tickets for the third prizes.

The contest began December 17th and was originally planned to end February 1st but the articles had only commenced to come in near the finish of the specified period so the time was extended fifteen days to February 15th. This gave the contestants two months to write their articles including the two weeks of Christmas vacation.

The object of the contest was to stimulate literary ability and also to increase interest in the Reflector. Both of these desired results were, we believe, happily fulfilled.

If the Reflector Club had offered a prize to the home room from which the most articles had come, home room 116 would have taken the prize. Six articles were handed in, two receiving prizes, a just reward for their energy. Next year, let us hope that every home room can at least equal this record. Little credit has been given where it is most due. Miss Flanders, faculty advisor of the Reflector Club has received very little recognition for her untiring work not to mention the great amount of time that she has spent to make this contest the wonderful success that it was. It is for this reason that we dedicate the success of this contest to her.

Perhaps it would be interesting to you to know just why the judges gave favorable decisions to the particular stories, poems and articles that fill some of the following pages of this magazine. Let us first start with poetry, perhaps the most important classification. First prize was awarded to Stephen Diaz for his poem, "My Friend," which is as outstanding a picture of a real friend that the judges had come across for some time. It brings to the reader the color, the imagery, the touch of the

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author's nationality. For first prize Stephen received the book, "Boy's Book of Verses" by Helen Dean Fish.

"Unappreciative Baby" won second prize in this group, written by Dorothy Warne. The judges considered it an excellent amateur "baby" poem full of sweet thoughts and technically well executed. "The Singing World," by the well-known poet, Louis Entermeyer, was given to Dorothy for her prize.

David Witheridge received ten tickets to the movies shown here each Friday afternoon and evening. These were given for third prizes. His poem, "The Captain Stays on Deck" has all the "sea atmosphere" which the name indicates and so sets forth in the repetition of the line, "The Captain Stays on Deck," the high sense of duty peculiar to the captain of a ship.

In the 7B, 7A, 8B group, the first prize was awarded to Benjamin Farmer for his poem "John Silver." This poem is woven around the familiar character of old John Silver in Stevenson's "Treasure Island." The poem swings along with a smooth rhythm the fourth line acting as refrain. The scansion of this poem is perfect. Ben displayed exceptional talent. He also received the "Boy's Book of Verses."

Ethel Honig was winner of the second prize for her poem "The Scarecrow." The author gives us an extremely interesting and vivid picture of a scarecrow and the judges liked her idea of versifying the thought of service to one's master. "Silver Pennies," a book of poems by Blanche Jennings Thompson was given to Ethel.

"One of These Days" is the average boy's or for that matter, the girl's idea of what he or she will do when "that ship comes in." This poem was written by Charles Horn who received movie tickets for third prize.

The next most important section was "Stories." In the older group first prize was awarded to Howard Arndt for his story "Ransom" which has a well-developed and well-sustained plot. The story moves rapidly, has lots of action, pep and swing to it and is told with a varied vocabulary. Howard received the popular book "Smoky" written by Will James. This book, by the

way, received the Charles Boardman Hawes Literary Prize for being the best book for children written the year of its publication.

"Cousin Priscilla," by Margaret Perkins, was awarded the book "Modern Short Stories," by Law, as a second prize. Margaret keeps the reader in suspense until the denouement. She is to be congratulated on her O. Henry surprise ending.

The ten tickets were awarded to Shirley Coy for her story "When Daddy Comes Home." This is a story of a little family where the father is a victim of drink. The author tells in a very interesting manner about the oldest son taking upon himself the responsibility of the fortunes of this family and then in a very clever fashion she tells of how the father is made to follow the straight and narrow path. The author very evidently knows how to write a story.

Clarence Salmer received first prize in the younger group for his story "Bill Believes in Ghosts." This is written very naturally, exactly as one would expect a 7th grade boy to tell such a story. Clarence also received "Smoky."

"The Surprise," by Bernadine O'Brien, received second prize. It is a typical girl story. We liked the idea of unselfishness depicted therein. Bernadine proves conclusively once again that "virtue is its own reward." She received the "Silver Pennies."

As already stated, there was no story worthy of a third prize in this group.

Now let us take up the feature stories. "My Experiences in Aviation" by Billy Liskow was awarded first prize in this classification. This story makes one hold one's breath at the thrilling experiences of the daring aviator who is the hero of the tale. The judges thought Bill wielded the pen in true literary style. He, too, received "Smoky."

"Motor Cruising in the East," took second prize. Howard Winter takes us along with him mile after mile; we look out of the car window and take in the beauty of the landscape; we love all the places the author takes us to. It was almost as good as making the trip. Howard received "Modern Short Stories."

Willard Hildbrand received third prize for his story "Up Where the North Be-

gins." Howard Winter took us eastward, now we are "up where the north begins." The streams are filled with trout. Can you imagine anything finer? We liked the poems at the beginning and end of the story.

Now for the fourth classification, "Miscellaneous." First prize was awarded to Mack Matthews for his article "Law as a Profession." He sets forth in plain succinct argument why law would be a good profession to follow. No doubt the author is thinking seriously of "following the law." Mack was given "Smoky"

Second prize was awarded to William Griffin for his historical sketch, "The Story of Saginaw." Of course why would not a "Story of Saginaw," our own "City

of Opportunity" be given a prize especially when told in such an interesting manner? "Modern Short Stories" was given to William.

Jack Shaler was given the tickets, third prize, for his biographical sketches, "Great Men What They Did For the World." The author chose three or four of our great men and showed conclusively what made them great. These last three contestants were very evenly matched.

Now for a brief summary of the prizes: Six books were given for first prize (each book was inscribed on the fly leaf) and fifty tickets for the five third prizes.

Turn over the page, read the prize winning articles and see if you don't agree with the judges.

Robert Heavenrich

Law as a Profession

First Prize, Miscellaneous Group, Mack Matthews, 8A.

THERE are different types of lawyers such as criminal, real estate and office lawyers. The work of a criminal lawyer is to take part in trials and defend criminals, the real estate lawyer takes charge of deeds and lands and an office lawyer, advises people.

Law is usually divided into two main parts, private and public laws. Public law includes criminal and constitutional, private law covers personal and family relations; affairs of property and contract, there is also a class called canon law, but this has lost much of its importance.

I would like to be a lawyer, partly because the law mingles with politics and because it gives a fine chance to do community service. Many of our countrys' greatest politicians were and are lawyers. Some people have an idea that lawyers are not honest, but if you would only stop to think that Lincoln, Clay, Webster, and Patrick Henry were lawyers they would not think so because these men were the most honest and upright of their times. The apprenticeship way of learning to be a lawyer has gradually died away although it is used sometimes.

Years ago a boy would enter a law office and work there as office boy, learn to file letters and after a few years of this training, more and more as he went on, he would be ready to practice law and would be admitted to the bar, where he would work at a small salary for a few years raising it as he receives more clients.

Now a boy must finish High school, go through a certain number of years of college and law school before he is permitted to practice law.

In the state of Michigan he must go through the grammar and High School, then take four years of college and win his degree and then take three years of law school. In college he must take Latin and also a literary course.

The last statistics in New York, said that there was an average of 387 people to one lawyer. If a man or boy is content to live on a small income for a few years while making a start he will find this a fine profession to follow.

Mack Matthews.

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1. Mack Matthews. 2. Benjamin Farmer. 3. Howard Arndt. 4. From Left to Right - David Witheridge, Willard Hildebrandt, Charles Horn, William Griffin, Margaret Perkins, Dorothy Warne, Shirley Coy, Dorothy Honig, Jack Shaler, Bernadine O'Brien. 5. Clarence Salmer. 6. Stephen Diaz. 7. Billy Liskow.

The Story of Saginaw

Second Prize, Miscellaneous Group, William Griffin, 9A.

SAGINAW was at one time one of the most noted centers of the lumbering industry in Michigan. When its lumber industry gave out it became a modern manufacturing city which led to its large growth. Saginaw was and is one of the finest agricultural districts in the United States. The foundation of the city of Saginaw was not laid until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In the year of 1819 a French trader by the name of Campau came to Saginaw and built the first permanent building ever built in the Saginaw valley by a white man. This trader did much of his trading with the Indians. In 1819 a General, by the name of Cass, of the war of 1812 came to Saginaw by direction of the United States Government. And he made a treaty with the Indians.

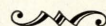
It was about the year 1830 that the people of the valley began to realize the value of the forest in Michigan. And in 1834 the first mill was built on the Saginaw River to saw the logs from the forests. This was also a period of development for the valley. For the next half century lumbering was its main activity. Toward the end of the nineteenth century the lumber began to give out. And then the saw mills began to decrease.

Millions of feet of lumber from the Saginaw valley once floated down the river to scores of sawmills. But instead of lumbering it is an industrial city now having industries numbering 120, manufacturing 125 main classes of products with many associated articles. Many of these industries furnish products that we all know about such as the six plants of General Motors Corp. Groups of industries manufacture automobile motors, steering gears, crankshafts, grey and malleable iron castings, plate glass and other products used in the General Motors and other cars.

There already has been a considerable development of the oil resources discovered during 1925. There has been much work with local corporations as well as the Ohio

Oil Co., Standard Oil, and the Sun Oil Co.

The Saginaw oil wells are not large compared with our western states, but the average production is fifteen barrels or more a day. The oil is of excellent quality, ranking with the best Pennsylvania crude. There also has been another great development in the last year, the new airport Saginaw has which is under the direction of the Saginaw Junior Board of Commerce. There is also an airline from the airport to Detroit. In the latter part of 1927 there was talk about having an air mail route coming through Saginaw, but this has not been put over as yet.



Civics and the Student

A PUPIL'S future life does not only depend on his trade or life's work but upon his knowledge of community life. Civics inspires the pupil with the desire to cooperate in helping make the community a successful one. It teaches him the duties of a citizen and that no one but himself is responsible for his conduct. A knowledge of a community's problems and of how others solve them is given the pupils in this subject. A responsibility is placed upon the pupil for the activities of both the school and community. He is shown how he depends on others and how others depend on him. So that we can help make a success of the home, school, and community; the need of cooperation and conscious character building is emphasized. Civics creates an interest in the outside world to all who take it by the reading of current events and the Literary Digest. Our grandfathers and grandmothers would not be able to understand why a subject like Civics should be taught. They would think that a trade to earn one's "bread and butter" would be enough to learn. Would a trade be enough if we did not have the cooperation and help of the people? Shouldn't Civics come first in our subject?

Alice Rossmann

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9A GRADE HIGH SCHOOL IN JUNE

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9B GRADE HIGH SCHOOL IN JANUARY, 1929

I Am Archery

I AM archery. I lived in the olden days. I have played my part well in the rising and falling of empires. In olden days I was honored in war, hunting, and sport. But now guns and bullets have taken my place in war and hunting. Although as Thompson said, "As long as the new moon in heaven is a beautiful bent bow, so long

will the fascination of archery keep hold the hearts of men."

Those who would use me will need steadiness, strength, keenness and judgment for with me it is either hit or miss.

I seem to be reviving slow but sure. I hope that I may once more rise to the heights of glory.

Fredrick Hyman



HOME ROOM OFFICERS

My Experiences in Aviation

First Prize, Feature Stories, William Liskow, 9B

HAVING gotten my entrance papers to Kelly Field through all O. K., I sat down to learn the difference between the joy stick and the carburetor at ground school.

I had an instructor who had more hours of flying than any other man at the Field. He not only knew how to fly, but he also knew about a motor and a ship. He could and did describe every part of the ships.

The first few days of ground school weren't so interesting because the instructor described the thing to us, but the last few days were because he made us take the motors apart and put them together again. When this was done we studied the parts of the ship.

After being sure that we knew our ships and motors, we were turned over to Capt. Timothy Smith for instruction in flying. He was a little, red-headed Irishman who had seen much service during the war and who had formerly been in the British Army. Being the first one in line, I was the first one to go up in his P-T training plane. Before going up he told me how to hold the stick and how to jump from the plane with my parachute should anything happen to the plane.

We took off very well and almost before I knew it, he was telling me to try keep the plane on a level keel as he was leaving the control of it all to me.

I had studied all about this in Ground School, but seemed to forget everything when he let go of the controls. The plane went into a nose dive, and I pulled back on the stick. Immediately the nose came up, and my heart came back into its natural position. Before I went down, I could make a left turn, and I could pull the ship out of a nose dive with a little help.

The next day Capt. Smith taught me how to bank better on the turns and how to do a figure eight which would help me get the turns better. I soon suited him on this, I circled slowly down, and I can't say I circled well either, but anyway I got about ten feet above the ground and got

shaky and almost wrecked us both by going into a nose dive for the ground. He must have expected this because we didn't wreck. He thought that was enough for the day, so I had no more chance to land a plane the right way.

After three days of instruction Capt. Smith told me I was to solo the next morning.

I figured out that this meant that I was about through with Capt. Smith as an instructor because if you pass three hours solo you go to Donavon Field for instruction in faster planes. When I did solo, I did pretty well until I was about to land, and then I got thinking of what a mess I would make of myself and the plane if I crashed.

When I thought of this, I almost did crash, but I got the plane under control with enough to pass solo and get over to Donavan Field.

At Donavon Field I learned how to fly the "De Havilland," "Martin Bombers" and "Pursuit Planes," all of which are very tricky to fly. The least false move in a pursuit plane and you go into a spin which does not help one's appetite by any means.

After learning to keep these planes on an even keel we learned how to stunt with them, doing loops, spins, rolls and other kinds of things of that sort.

This did not agree with me the first few times, but after I got used to it, I could do it any time. The instructors for this course are picked from the best men in the service and almost all have had experience in the war.

After acrobatic comes formation flying in pursuit and bombing planes. This is much easier to do in bombing planes than in the other because of the distance separating the planes and also because of the speed. The pursuit flying is done at about 140 miles per hour and with about 20 feet separating the planes.

With this passed I was rated as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Air Service. Imagine me, John Ames as a Second Looney. As I

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was now an officer, all cadets had to salute me, and this as much as anything else got me all swelled up and cocky, and so when I went to Ball Field in Northern Ohio, I was one of the cockiest pilots that ever flew a plane.

I was not at all cocky when I had been at that field for one week for the simple reason that it was taken out of me by the men of my squadron. Every time a dirty job came up I was given it. My motor was an old one, and it needed a lot of attention. The men joshed me for not being able to keep it in order. One day the commandant came over to my plane while I was fussing with my motor, and he saw in what shape it was in. The next morning I got a new motor and no more joshing because of the old one.

Our field had the Air Mail line between Cleveland and Chicago, and this is one of the busiest lines of the run. Some times there is fog off the lakes, and this hinders us terribly because we can not see the land.

One morning at about 7 a. m. I was due at Chicago, but I was not where I should have been. I was about 500 feet above the town trying to find the field. After fifteen minutes of circling around, I started flying due west so as to get out of town if I had to land because of the lack of gas. I flew about fifteen miles, and then the motor stopped dead. I must have been on the outskirts of town anyway, so I switched off the ignition and jumped over the side of the plane. After counting ten I pulled the rip cord, and a few seconds later I was given a terrible jerk when the parachute caught the air and stopped my fall. I floated down gently, and then I got set for a bump which I knew was about due. It came a minute or so later and it was not half as bad as I had figured it would be because I had landed on a hay stack.

After folding my chute I began searching for the plane. I discovered it standing tail in the air and badly misshapen, but the mail was still in it. I soon found that the field was only about a mile off so I walked to it. I delivered the mail one hour and a half late.

Thus ended my first air mail flight. I

flew many others and jumped in my trusty 'chute three more times, but outside of that I had no more experiences worth telling about except that I now am Capt. John Ames having been promoted two weeks ago to this rank.



My Friend

First Prize, Older Group

My friend wears a cheerful smile of his own,
And a musical tongue has he;
We sit and look in each other's face,
And are very good company.

A heart he has, full warm and red
As ever a heart I see;
And as long as I keep true to him,
Why, he'll keep true to me.

When the wind blows high and the snow falls fast
And we hear the wassailers' roar—
My friend and I, with a right good-will
Just bolt the chamber door.

I smile at him and he smiles at me
In a dreamy calm profound,
Till his heart leaps up in the midst of him
With a comfortable sound.

His warm breath kisses my thin black hair
And reddens my ashen cheek;
He knows me better than you all know,
Though never a word he speaks.

He knows me as well as some had known,
There were things not as things be,
But hey, what matters? my friend and I
Are capital company.

—Stephen Diaz

* * *

Unappreciative Baby

Second Prize, Older Group

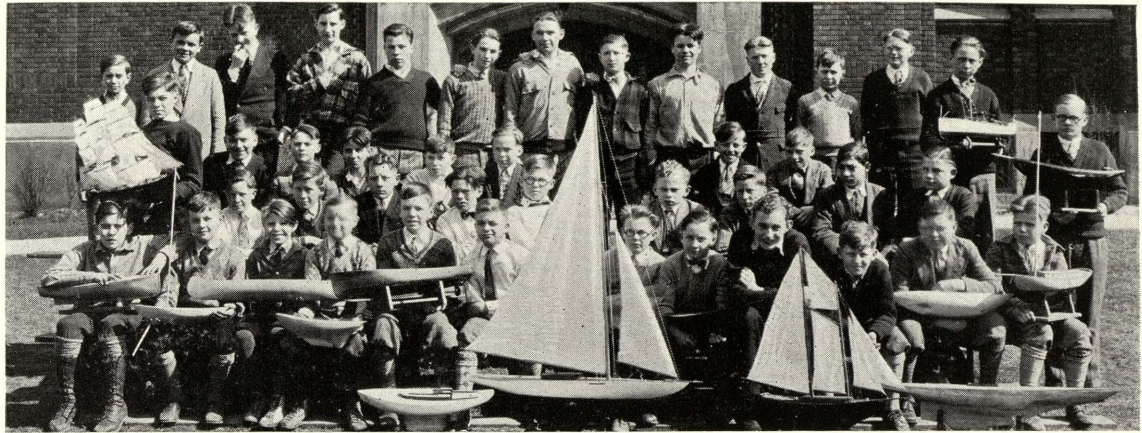
A baby is a darling thing,
It coos and cries and even, sings!
I sometimes wonder if I too,
Was little and sweet, when I was new.

This one that I am telling you about,
Is curly-headed and somewhat stout,
With two little eyes as blue as the skies,
And dropping lids that are rather shy.

Ten little fingers and ten little toes,
One little mouth as red as a rose,
Lots to eat and plenty to wear.
Yet that baby is as cross as a bear.

—Dorothy Warne

THE ANNUAL REFLECTOR



BOAT AND TUMBLING CLUB



ETIQUETTE, FRENCH AND OTHER CLUBS



TRAFFIC CLUB

THE ANNUAL REFLECTOR



CHECKER CLUB

A Pleasant Room

MY grandfather's room is a room which seems to me a very pleasant one. Many airy windows seem to invite you to the room. The furniture is white, which combines nicely with the pink flowered wall-paper. A very cozy armchair stands by the window, which brings a longing to sit down. A stand of flowers and a magazine rack seem to guard the chair. Looking out of the window the scene you see fills you with delight. A lazy, winding, jog-

ged river trudges along. Many overhanging willows seem to multiply its beauty. Her bright-colored flower garden dabs a speck of color to the quiet scene.

Florence Terwilliger

* * *

"I'm starving, starving, starving," wailed the heroine as the curtain went down with a roll.



FIRST AID AND VOCATIONAL CLUBS

Bill Believes in Ghosts

First Prize, Stories, Younger Group, Clarence Salmer, 7A

THIS story takes place in the town of Olsbury, Ill. Three chums, George, John, Bill and myself take part in the story. We were over at Bill's house; we're always over there, that's because we keep our books and things there. That night we were having a good time. George was playing his harmonica, Bill and John were jigging around and wearing holes through the rug and that's about all. Finally they quit and I said, "Let's have a ghost story." Bill began to shiver.

"Don't fellows! good night! don't!" But the vote came out three to one, so George started, "Mystery Camp," an awful spooky story. Bill got scared and had night-mares all night. The next day we went to the woods and every time there was a little noise Bill would almost jump out of his skin. We went into a cave, George first, John second, and I came third, Bill was last. Wherever there is a tail end to anything you will always find Bill there. At night we went to Bill's house as usual.

"Let's have some more of that story," I said.

"No!" said Bill, George went for the book but Bill grabbed it and threw it into the stove so hard I thought the stove bottom would break.

Bill is the pitcher on our team. He's a "lefty" but he can throw a ball! One time we were playing back of Tomy Morgan's house using his coal shed to stop the ball. The catcher missed one and we started a coal, coke and wood yard.

"What did ya' do that for?" asked George giving Bill a shove. George is big and huky and a scrapper for his age, I'll tell the world.

"The time is almost here," I said to stop the argument.

"I'll say," said George. "Won't we scare the wits out of them though!"

We had a scheme planned to scare the Smith gang and get even with them for the trick they played on us. We had planned to have a ghost dummy and scare them Hallowe'en. They had a shanty a mile

from town. We were going to stand it up in their window and when the gang came out we would chase them. George was listening in on their gab—that is how we happen to know they were going to be there. The next day I stayed home. I didn't know what the rest were doing. But I suppose Bill was sleeping as usual. He always does sleep except at meal times. In the afternoon I called for George. He came tearing out of his house as if there were a fire.

"Come on," he said. We started for Bill's house. When we got there he walked in as though he owned the whole place and didn't care a rap for anybody or anything.

"Bill!" he called,

"Ya," said a sleepy voice. "Good night! was he still in bed?"

"Hurry and get up," said George, "we're going to make the ghost."

"All right," said Bill, "I'm going to eat breakfast first."

"You mean dinner." John came then and we went to the barn. It's a small one. After waiting an age Bill stumbled in with the ghost; all we had to do was to stuff it. It didn't fill up very fast for Bill, anyway ghost stuffing is too slow a game for Bill. Speed is that boy's middle name. Finally we got it filled and packed good and hard. Bill started his nonsense.

"It's petrified," he said feeling of it's hard sides. George looked at him.

"So's your head," he growled. After playing in the barn awhile we got ready to go home.

"Remember, fellas," said John, "don't forget your things." Then we went home.

I ate supper and looked at the paper. When I went up in my room the clock struck seven, then eight, then nine. I took my flashlight and started. When I got over to Bill's they were fixing the wagon.

In another hour we were on our way. It was ten o'clock so we took a short cut. That short-cut took us through a cemetery. We went along the road, Bill in the wagon steering and George pushing. John and I

ran along the side. Finally we got to the cemetery. Bill was shaking so hard I thought the flashlight would fall out of his hand.

Then I started to push. The way we were going in and out among the markers and the way I was pushing I judged we were going about a hundred miles an hour. Bill said we were going about four miles. But that was different, he was riding. Every once in a while he would shine the light about seven hundred feet back of us to see if a ghost was coming. Once when he flashed it back he hit a marker and put an awful kink in the front wheel. We kept on going until we came to the edge of the cemetery then the trail broke. We decided that Bill and I would stay with the ghost while George and John went back for a cart. After they were gone it was lonesome. It was fearfully dark and the wind blew through the pine trees making a sighing noise that wasn't pleasant to hear. Bill held my hand and every time there was a sound he would jump and pinch it. I felt like telling him to quit. It gave me the jim-jams. The trees were placed closely together and when we looked at them, white streaks jumped about. Imagination? We didn't think so then.

"Let's tell stories," I said.

"Not ghost stories," objected Bill.

"I know a dandy giant's story," I said.

"There never were any giants," said Bill.

"Of course not," I said and began my story.

"Once there was a giant and his name was Sing-a-lot. He was the king of Melody Island. No person had ever been on it because it was a floating island. One time it was on the Atlantic and a few days later it was on the Pacific.

"I bet it went through the Panama Canal," said Bill.

"Of course not, you gilly-."

"Look," said Bill, and the way he said it would make you think a ghost was coming.

"Look at what?" I asked. He pointed out into the total blackness. About half a mile away a white spot was moving back and forth. It gave me a creepy shaky feeling. That and the sighing of the trees scared

me all the way through and half way back again. There was a sharp bump and an "ouch!" Bill gave a screech and jumped about a hundred feet into the air.

It was John and George coming back without the cart. We showed them the spot and we watched it a while, finally it disappeared. Then we started for home. As we walked down the road I noticed that some one was gone. Off into the distance a streak of light attracted my attention. It would flash about seven hundred feet into the sky. Then I tumbled. It was Bill. A little way up the road there was a piece taken out.

"Bill did that," said John.

"With the flashlight," I cried thinking of having my good light broken.

"No, with his head," he answered and that shows you how fast he was going. We looked back, the white spots came again then it grew faint and distant and finally died out altogether.

It's Up to You

Brace up to Life! It will lash you
It will give you many a blow;
But brace up! Don't let it smash you
It's all up to you—you know!

Be master yourself, nor allow it
The smallest advantage to gain;
Brace up to Life and avow it
Shall never o'er you hold a rein.

It will maul you—and pelt you—and
beat you
If you give it a bit of show;
It will harass—and drive you—and cheat
you
But it's all up to you—you know!

It's much in the way that you view it;
Though seemingly full of strife.
It's up to you, if you but knew it—
The good that you get out of Life!

* * *

Uncle: "Well, Herbert I might tell you that I have taken out \$20,000 life insurance in your favor. Could I do anything more for you?"

Nephew: "Nothing more on earth, uncle."

The Surprise

Second Prize, Stories, Younger Group, Bernadine O'Brien, 8B.

THIS day was surely going to be different from any other day that Betty Adams had ever known. She ran to get the last peak at the dining room. "How beautiful it looks. Doesn't it look nice mother?"

"Yes, it does," replied Mrs. Adams as she returned to the kitchen door. "Hello, come in," she was saying. Betty at once rushed out to see who was there. It was Mrs. Smith. She had brought her little daughter Mary, because Mrs. Smith was going down town and could not take her little girl with her.

"Take Mary up to your room and remove her wraps," requested Mrs. Adams. Betty at once rushed to her mother. "Mother," she cried, "Why does Mary have to come to my party?"

"Well dear, her mother could not take Mary with her; she did not know you were going to have a party or she would not have left her here."

"Yes, but mother, there isn't any gift to put at her plate."

"We'll get that fixed later," replied Mrs. Adams.

Betty rushed back to Mary. "Oh, isn't it lovely, that you happened to come on the very day of my party? My friends are coming now," she cried, catching Mary's arm as she ran to greet her friends.

Mary's face was soon bright. Betty and Mary were having a lovely time. They played all sorts of nice games. Betty pulled her mother to one side of the hall, "Mother, I have it, you can give Mary my gift." You see Betty knew what was in each package but her own.

"But dear, your package contains something that you have wanted for a long time."

"Never mind," replied Betty, "Wrap up that little doll you just gave me, that will be all right."

When every girl was seated around the big table the girls began to open their gifts. One by one held up their gifts. There were handkerchiefs, and fancy pocket books and different things. At last it was Mary's turn.

With trembling hands she opened the box and drew out a string of pearls. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried "I have always wanted a string of pearls!"

Betty had always wanted them too, but down in the bottom of her heart she felt better to see Mary have them.

After the party had been dismissed Betty ran to her mother and said, "Hasn't this been a wonderful day?"

"Yes it has, Betty," replied Mrs. Adams.

"I like to share my home with others," answered Betty.

"What was that you were saying you liked to share your home with?" said her father as he stepped inside the door.

"I have something right here that is looking for a home" he replied. "Reach into my pocket Betty and see what you can find." "Oh," screamed Betty, "it is a little dog." I would rather have a little dog than all the pearls in the world!"

Education is the knowledge of how to use the whole of one's self. Men are often like knives with many blades; they know how to open one and only one; all the rest are buried in the handle, and they are no better than they would have been if the knife had been made with but one blade. Many men use but one or two faculties out of the score with which they are endowed. A man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty; how to open it, how to keep it sharp learning to apply it to all practical purposes.

—Henry Ward Beecher

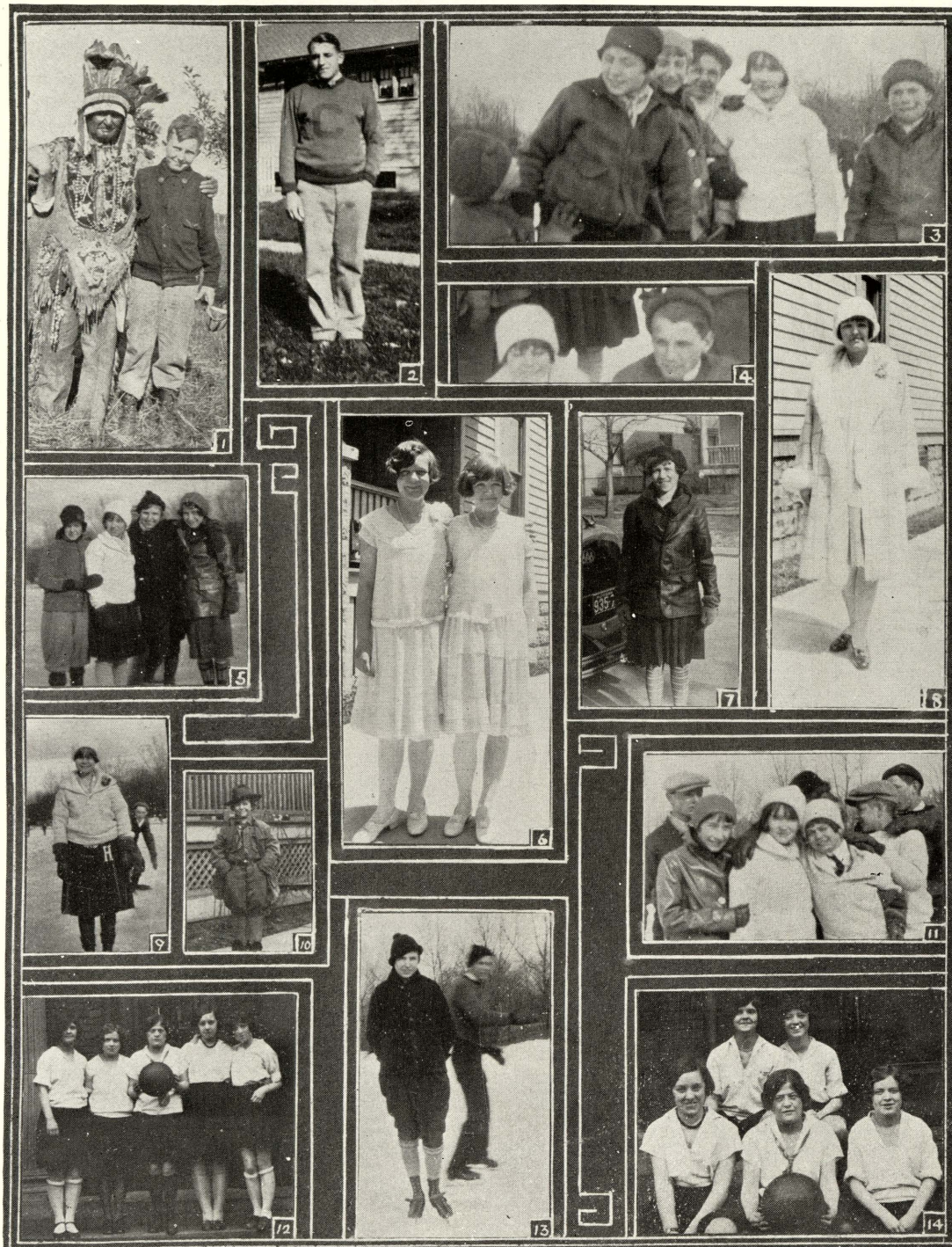
* * *

"What is that big thing over there?" asked a young lady visitor at a locomotive plant.

"That's a locomotive boiler," he replied. She puckered her brows. "And what do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotives tender," and the young man from the office never smiled.

THE ANNUAL REFLECTOR



1. James Hughes and St. Charles Indian. 2. Our Traffic Officer, Frank Chilson. 3. What a Bunch! 4. What a Face!
5. Girl Friends. 6. How Pretty! 7. Our Betty. 8. All Dressed Up! 9. O-Leslie! 10. "Spots" 11. Just the Gang.
12. Our "Champs." 13. What Skaters! 14. Aren't We Happy!

THE ANNUAL REFLECTOR



Scenes from "Adam's Apple," by Junior Little Theatre Players, Harry Graves Miller, Director.

Dramatics

THIS year's Dramatic Program has been an exceptional one, featuring three of the best plays ever presented by students of this school. First came "My Friend From India" which opened the season with knockout performances nearly filling the auditorium both afternoon and evening. As has been stated in previous Reflectors, this play, at the time of its presentation, was considered the best play ever produced in C. J. H. S. and one of the best amateur plays that has been staged. Following right in the footsteps of this play came "Adam's Apple," a farce-comedy. With the aid of the reputation of the first play, the "house" was filled to the last row in the balcony. "Adam's Apple" was put on with as much smoothness and professionalism as "My Friend From India," and was considered by many every bit as good as the first play. The third presentation which is to come off this week, or rather came off on Friday, May 11, was entitled "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." It is undoubtedly a fact that this play takes place among the best plays of the Junior Little Theater Players.

The review of "My Friend From India" appeared in one of the regular Reflectors. The plot was based around a young chap who becomes intoxicated and brings home a stranger with him. The son tries to use this stranger in "squaring" it with his Dad by telling his father that the stranger is a pundit from India. His father attempts to use this stranger as his means of getting into society. Many complications came up but the play ends to the satisfaction of all.

The plot of "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is briefly: a husband, after an unfortunate accident comes home the following morning, tells his wife he had been out with a friend whose name and address he makes up, his wife telegraphs to the address and very unfortunately there happens to be a person by that name. After many mix-ups the play ends and one is led to believe that everyone lived happily ever after.

"Adam's Apple," on the other hand, was based around a married man who invented a millionaire Uncle John as his means of going out nights. Two men, one a crazy lunatic, come to this man's apartment in search of some important papers that have been lost. When discovered, the one tries to impersonate the imaginary Uncle John. Like the other play, many complications arose and the audience hardly stopped laughing. This play had an exceedingly clever beginning.

There is not enough space allowed for me to say all the wonderful things I'd like to. Mr. Miller deserves a great deal of credit for the successfulness of these plays.

He worked untiringly to make them the success that they were. Also to Wilbur Huber, who acted as Student Director and Stage Manager, much credit is due. Notice should be given to Mr. Long because he acted as General Chairman of the Producing Staff. Miss Beierle is to be commended on her share of the success. Again I repeat that this year's dramatic presentations have been undoubtedly, on the whole, the best ever offered to the school.

Three Sailors

O, once three jolly sailors bold
Sailed across the sea
They stood the storm
They stood the gale
Until they reached "Virginy."

These three jolly sailors
They knew not what to do
When they arrived there
They ate of oranges, two
And then they drank some brew.

These three jolly sailors
Then ran out of food
Then ran out of brew
Then knew not what to do.

They sailed across the sea
They stood the storm
They stood the gale
Until to Italy they came.

—Arther Eddy



Our School Band, Mr. S. L. Flueckiger, Director.

Our School Orchestra, Ward Avery, Director.

When Daddy Comes Home

Third Prize, Stories, Older Group, Shirley Coy, 9A

AWAY out in one of our western states was a prosperous mining village called Hidden. It was located in a valley at the foot of the mountains, far from the main highway leading to the Pacific Coast.

The Coin family lived in the little village. The home was a poor little house. There were no curtains on the windows and the house looked deserted and bare.

The furniture was crude, and the family was wretched and miserably poor.

The father, Jim Coin, was tall and heavily built. His face was hard and stern, and his gray eyes wore the look of love. Jim Coin's heart was filled with hate.

Yes, Jim Coin hated everyone. He worked in a mine and made enough money to provide well for his family, but he loved himself better than his little family and drank his pay away, while his family suffered for the want of food, clothing, and a warm place to stay.

The mother, Margaret Coin, was patient and meek, her eyes always carried the sunshine of love and goodness. No one ever heard her complain, it was just a smile. Twenty years she had lived this life with her husband for the love of her children. There was Floyd, who was eighteen; Rachel, eight; Anna-Mae five; and little Jake, two.

It was a cold day in late December. The wind blew through the cracks of the old house and in the home there was but a little fire.

The children sat close to the little stove to keep warm, while the evening meal was being prepared.

"I wish we had more coal, so we could have a better fire," said Rachel. "Mother, do you think father will come home tonight and bring something more for us to eat?"

"I don't know, dear, I hope so." The word had no more gotten out of the mother's mouth when the knob of the door turned. The usual silence fell upon the home. It always did when the father came home.

It was not their father who came in but Floyd who was tall and slender, and like his

mother. He had kind, brown eyes and dark hair.

A serious look upon his face as he went over to his mother. "Mother," said Floyd, "we will not have to ask father for any more coal this winter." The mother turned around in astonishment.

"Why Floyd, what do you mean?"

"I have a surprise for you. Mr. Williams told me of a man named Mr. Brooks who wanted some one to work on his farm and help him and his wife with the farm work. Mr. Brooks has a five-room house all furnished and Mr. Williams and I thought this would be just the thing for us, so I made arrangements this afternoon for us to move out there Monday morning."

"But is father going?" asked the bewildered mother.

"No, father isn't going. I'll be the father of the family for a while. Let father take care of himself." The voice of the boy grew more firm as he talked to his mother, and his eyes flashed with anger when he thought how ungrateful his father was to his family.

The mother put her head down on the table, and for the first time in their lives the children saw their mother cry.

"It is all right, mother," said Floyd softly as he went over and put his arm around her. "You've always been so thoughtful of father, but father hasn't been fair to you or his family. We will go away and maybe father will become a man some day." Floyd left a kiss on his mother's cheek as he slipped away. "No one but Mr. Williams knows we're going, and he promised me he would not tell anyone."

Early Monday morning Mrs. Coin and Floyd had everything they wanted to take with them to their new home packed, and by eight o'clock the little family was on the road to happiness and peace.

That night Jim Coin went back to the old deserted home. He went into the dark house. "Margaret, Margaret!" he called. "where are you? Why don't you answer me?" But to the drunken man's astonish-

ment no voice responded. Jim Coin went over and lighted the little lamp that never failed to shine through the windows before. His eyes gazed around the empty room. On the table he found a note which read—

Father:

I have taken your family away where they can get food and a warm place to stay for the winter. You have not been a father to us, and Mother and I hope you will become a man some day.

Floyd.

Jim Coin's eyes flashed with anger and hate as he finished reading the note, and swearing and cursing his family, he kicked over the table and broke everything he could.

"I will go the storekeeper. He will know where the family has moved." The snow and cold wind beat upon the man's hard face. He knocked twice before Mr. Williams came to the door. "See here, if you know where my family is you better tell me," said Jim Coin.

"Don't know where your family is," said Mr. Williams in a sharp convincing voice. The door closed and Jim Coin was left out in the storm and cold. He started down the road which led out of the village. Jim Coin wished he would never see the village or his family again.

As he walked along, two pair of laughing blue eyes and smile of his little baby came to his memory. Once more he longed to see his family. Didn't anyone care for him? He walked for miles in the storm. He was alone, quite alone. He walked on and on until he fell in the road, wishing to die.

A country Doctor, Mr Hale, and wife were returning to their home after visiting a very sick patient. Seeing the figure in the road they immediately picked him up and took him to their home.

The next morning Jim Coin was sober and ready to talk and do business. He told the doctor his story, but not about his family. The doctor and his wife agreed to keep him if he would be willing to help with the farm work and he stayed because he would have a better chance to stay away from liquor.

By early May the roses had come back to the childrens' cheeks and the little family was now living a happy life.

"Floyd," said Mrs. Coin one fine spring morning.

"Yes, Mother," said Floyd with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I wonder where father is?" said Mrs. Coin with an anxious look upon her face.

"Don't know, Mother, but Mr. Brooks wants me to take in a load of spring chickens tomorrow if it's a good day, and I'll ask Mr. Williams if he knows where father is.

Early the next morning Floyd started out with his whistling song and a light heart.

Late that afternoon Floyd returned and told his mother that Mr. Williams hadn't seen him since the day they had moved. "Well, son," said the disappointed mother with a faint smile upon her lips, "I guess father has forgotten us."

One day the Doctor asked Jim Coin if he would take a contract over to Mr. Brooks after supper as he was unable to go himself. Jim Coin's face now had a kind look and he had learned to live instead of just existing.

The evening was beautiful. The golden sun had just begun to sink behind the mountains, leaving its rainbow rays on a little inland lake. The fruit blossoms and the pine fragrance filled the air, the bob-o-link began to call his mate.

Jim Coin walked down the road deep in thought with a burden on his heart. His eyes fell upon a figure coming toward him. Yes, it was a man. They met.

"Hello, Jim, old pal. Where have you been? Haven't seen you in a long time," said a husky voice. "Come let us have a drink as we used to." The man held out a bottle and offered it to Jim Coin. Coin's eyes first fell upon the bottle, then upon the sneering man's face, then back to the bottle.

He reached the Brooks' farm at dusk, and starting to return home, his eyes fell upon his little daughter sitting in the road playing in the sand.

"My little Anne Mae," cried Jim Coin as he picked the child up from the road. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he kissed

his little baby daughter again and again.

He was so happy to think he had found his family again.

"Daddy, come home?" asked Anna Mae in her pleading voice.

"Yes dear, Daddy will come home," and putting the child down he hastened on his way.

Little Anna Mae ran into the house calling in her excitement "Mother, Mother I saw my daddy, and he kissed me, and my daddy's coming home."

The Captain Stays on Deck

Third Prize, Older Group

All day the water raged, the wind
Blew round, a heavy gale.
It raised the water o'er the deck,
It shattered every sail.

The men were sour, they stayed below
Expecting to have a wreck.
They stayed below and thought of home.
But the captain stayed on deck.

The water foams around the wreck,
The men are not there now.
The conquered ship is still, the wind
Blows over the upturned bow

Old Neptune looks at the scene again,
The scene of the dreadful wreck.
He smiles as through the ruin he sees—
The captain—still on deck.

—David Witheredge

John Silver

First Prize, Younger group

John Silver was a sailor bold,
Who always sailed in days of old,
He never sought for climates cold,
Did John Silver.

John Silver carried pistols two,
The sailors called him "Barbeque"
He always wore a coat of blue,
Did John Silver.

John Silver's pals were Billy Bones,
And evil Joby Andersons,
And many other wicked crones,
Had John Silver.

John Silver now is in the ground,
The grass is green upon his mound,
There is a blanket all around,
Long John Silver.

—Benjamin Farmer

The Scare Crow

Second Prize, Younger Group.

The scare crow stands upon the hill,
And guards the orchard trees,
The birds fly by and wonder why
He looks at them so shy.

By day he looks so black and grim;
The children are afraid of him.
He wears a hat, tall, black and thin,
They all cry loud "Beware of him."

By night he looks as if to say,
"Why don't you all come out and play
I am so sad and lonesome here
I wish that someone would be near."

"O, I wish the time would fly faster
From duty I long to be free,
I'm placed on guard by my master,
And faithful and true I must be."

—Ethel Honig

One of These Days

Third Prize, Younger Group

As I wander along the city street
My thoughts weave a golden haze
Of the things I'll do
When my dreams come true,
One of these days.

One of these days when my ship comes in
I'll not stop to gaze at a window train.
One of these days
I'll walk right in a shop and grandly say
"Wrap me up this, wrap me up that,"
"Wrap me up that beautiful hat,"
One of these days.

One of these days I shall ride up the street in a
beautiful car,
One of these days I shall buy all the bubbles I
hungered for,
One of these days.

—Charles Horn

"Pardon me a moment, please," said
the dentist to the victim, "but before begin-
ning this work I must have my drill."
"Good gracious man! Can't you pull a
tooth without a rehearsal?"

"Dinah did you wash the fish before you
baked it?"

"Law ma'am what's de use ob wasin' a
fish what's lived all his life in de ribber?"

Motor Cruising in the East

Second Prize, Feature Stories, Howard Winter, 9A.

 ON the twenty-eighth of July we left home on a tour eastward. Leaving Saginaw we crossed into Canada at Port Huron. We camped that night at Stratford on Avon, (not England, but Ontario.)

We drove through Toronto the next day at noon and Kingston where we saw Fort Henry and many other old English forts.

We entered the province of Quebec near Montreal and noticed a decided difference, as everything was French. "Stop, Look and Listen" signs, speed limits and advertisements were all printed in French.

Now we reach Montreal, the national port and metropolis of Canada. It is much like an old-world city with its narrow streets and quaint "shoppes." Because of its large French element this city has been called the Paris of America. The beautiful Basilica of St. James is a replica of St. Peter's in Rome. From Mount Royal, which is the chief point of interest in the city, one can get a magnificent panorama of the city. We crossed over the St. Lawrence River on the Victoria Bridge.

Few of the older residents of this province can speak or understand English.

We entered New York at Rouse's Point and drove along Lake Champlain, into the Adirondack Mountains and the beautiful and fashionable resort Lake Placid.

The historical fort at Ticonderoga has been partly restored and the historical building contains many interesting relics. Here also, is the hull of one of Benedict Arnold's fleet, "The Revenge".

Now we cross Lake Champlain into Vermont and the Green Mountains. The quietness and repose of the mountains is almost like entering a new world and here the visitor may look out over a far reaching expanse of mountain peaks, forest clad.

We now arrive at Montpelier and go through the State House. We sat in the governor's chair which is made of wood taken from the historical "Old Ironsides," during repair work on that famous boat. President Coolidge sat in this same chair when he was a boy, and on a visit to his

state's capital. Montpelier is also the birthplace of Admiral Dewey.

We entered New Hampshire and traveled through the beautiful White Mountains, passing the "Great Stone Face," and Mount Washington, the highest peak in the east. From it's summit one can see the ocean.

The next state we enter is Maine, the land of woods and lakes. We passed through Portland and camped near the ocean, where we also went in bathing.

Then we followed the ocean southward to Concord and Lexington. This is a territory of Revolutionary fame. At Lexington was fired the "Shot Heard Round the World." We now follow the exact route that Paul Revere took on his famous ride in 1775.

In Boston we saw numerous old and historic landmarks, among them the old North Church.

We next reach Quincy, the birthplace of Presidents John Adams and John Quincy Adams. The region south of Boston, fronting on the Atlantic Ocean and Cape Cod Bay, is one of the delightful seaside resorts and summer homes.

Plymouth has a spacious harbor. On the left, across Kingston bay, rises Captain's Hill, so named because of having been the site of the home of Captain Miles Standish. On it towers a mounument in honor of the strong Pilgrim soldiers. Beyond toward the headland, is Clark's Island, where the wanderers spent their first Sabbath ashore. Now we visit Pilgrim Hall, one of the finest museums in existence. It contains a collection of Pilgrim relics and antiques. Bringing back, perhaps even more vividly the past, are the chairs used by Elder Brewster and Governor Carver, brought over by them in the Mayflower, and the cradle of Peregrine White, who was born on the Mayflower while in Cape Cod harbor. The swords of Governor Carver, Miles Standish, Elder Brewster, and other notables rival in interest with John Alden's gun that killed King Philip, and other antique weapons. One of the things of interest we saw was a quilt that belonged to Rose Standish, his daugh-

ter Lorea's sampler, and Governor Bradford's Bible.

From Plymouth we headed for Dalton and Pittsfield, where we went through Eaton, Crane and Pikes Paper Mills. It was quite interesting to see cloth being transformed into writing paper.

The next stop of any interest was Washington. Here we went through the Capital, Congressional Library, Corcoran Art Gallery, Pan American Building, Freer Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institute and numerous other public buildings.

In Pennsylvania we saw General Brad-dock's grave, and the site of Fort Necessity. We resolved that our eighteen-day vacation was well spent. Every hour of it being enjoyed by all, through this camping trip.

What I Learned in Sewing Classes

We have clothing twice a week every other week. Although this isn't much time we learn a lot. In my six semesters of sewing I have made two sets of underwear, a slip, a kimona, two dresses, and a blouse; I have hemstitched handkerchiefs and towels. I have learned to make plain hems, French seams, flat fell seams; I have learned to hem, bind, face, and many other things which go into the making of a garment.

I have learned what kinds of seams to make for certain kinds of garments, how to pin the pattern on the goods and cut it; how to sew on the machine. I have learned to darn and patch. I earnestly advise and hope that any girl who wishes to learn something interesting, useful, and economical will decide on sewing.

Sewing is a little thing and a big thing too.
You can have old things and learn how to make them new.

Buy a little bit of goods, a dress pattern, and a spool of thread,
(Don't forget to keep in mind what I've already said.)

Some buttons and a yard or two of lace,
Pick the kind quite in your good taste.
Cut it out and sew it together, and you'll have a pretty dress.

Marie Burk

Farming

A MAN may become a farmer without very much education. Many farmers have been trained by the apprenticeship system. The way they learn by the apprenticeship system is to hire out to farmers and learn farming by experience. When he earns a little money he buys a farm of his own.

For specialized farming, such as dairying it is best to attend an agricultural school. Some good agricultural schools are Michigan State and Ohio State Colleges. Most states have an agricultural college.

In an agricultural school the pupils learn scientific farming methods. They learn what soils certain crops grow in, what crops don't grow well in that kind of soil, what seeds produce the most crops to the acre, how to kill crop diseases and other things not learned by the apprenticeship system. If the pupil is studying dairying he learns what cows give the most milk, how to test cows and milk for disease, what feed makes the best milk and other dairying needs.

The pupil is required to know mathematics, figuring weights, gains, losses, prices taxes and other problems of farming. He must be able to read so he can follow prices; and as many farm bulletins are sent to him he must be able to read them. He also must speak good English. All such requirements are included in an agricultural course. A man even after graduating from an agricultural school must have some practical experience on a farm.

A man after graduating from an agricultural school has a good chance to succeed as a farmer. He has a big advantage if he is near a railroad, as it makes a good way to get his goods to market. All his produce must be clean and fresh. He should grow as much to the acre as possible and should make a reasonable profit.

At one time farm life was thought awfully dull, but now with the invention of radio, good roads, and automobiles, a farmer can have a good time.

The reason I would like to be a farmer is because I like outdoor life, have lived in the country for a number of summers, and farming has always interested me.

Brewer Grant

Ransom

First Prize, Stories, Older Group, Howard Arndt, 9A.

A STRONG wind was flirtingly tossing the light falling snow on the roofs of many houses, theatres and clubs. It tried not to elude a single one. The deserted streets were piled high with snow which that coquettish wind was carrying into deep drifts.

A large house was brilliantly lighted. Inside were dozens of men playing cards, smoking and discussing the news items and current happenings. Five young men sat in the farthest corner playing cards.

What! Haven't I told you where this is taking place? Well, well it is at the famous I. O. U. Club of Chicago where many a young man is cheated out of his money. Now go back to the men in the farthest corner. What's that! Yes, they're playing for money or in other words—gambling. The game is finished and as usual some one is broke, but this time it's more than broke.

"Yes," we hear one youth say, whom we instantly recognize as young Harold Wilson, son of a millionaire contractor. "Father said if I came home broke once more, he would clean out this place."

"Is it that bad?" asked one funny looking youth who went by the name of Punch.

"That bad, yes. It's worse. Dad says if I don't have some money within a week after I'm broke, he'll disown me."

"Whew," cried all those who had heard young Wilson's words. "That means some money is needed and needed quickly."

"Aw, give em a fiver and send em home" drawled a smart youth.

"A fiver! Say you don't know Dad," cried the distracted Harold. "He deals in millions, and I must have five thousand dollars before or on December seventh, and that's only half of what he gave me on my birthday November Twenty-eighth."

By this time the whole club was crowded around young Wilson or Harold as we shall call him.

"Give him back the money he lost," ventured the smart youth.

"What do you take me for?" cried Harold angrily, "I'm no kid."

Every one knew Harold was in earnest so they refrained from pushing the matter further.

"And I'll help you," volunteered Punch.

"And I," "Me too," cried many other voices, but Harold explained that he and Punch would have the money all right. With that he and Punch departed.

"You'll stay at my house tonight," ventured Punch.

"Yes, I suppose I may as well," replied Harold. "Dad would only bawl me out."

In a few minutes they were whirling away in a cab bound for the home of Mr. Punch.

Now let us turn to the Wilsons. Mr. Wilson, a millionaire contractor is in his library doing nothing but gazing into the fireplace which is heaped high with burning logs. His wife we find sitting near him, and as we suppose, reading the social items of the day.

"If he's broke again, I won't give him another cent," said Mr. Wilson referring to young Harold.

"Now John," said Mrs. Wilson, "he's just having his whirl at high life such as you had when you were his age. Some day he will fool you and turn over a new leaf. They all do."

"He will never fool me, not that boy," sighed Mr. Wilson. "But I wish he would get a little sense."

"You said he must have five thousand dollars within a week after he's broke. Now tell me why you should say such an unheard of thing," asked Mrs. Wilson.

"If he can get five thousand dollars in a week I'll give him one fourth interest in my business," answered Mr. Wilson. "Not that five thousand will buy it, Oh no! but as a reward for labors."

"Oh! I see," exclaimed Mrs. Wilson. "May be he will then leave his bad company."

"Maybe," answered Mr. Wilson quietly, and he went back to gazing at the fire.

Now let us return to Harold and Punch. The cab drew up in front of a large home which was known as the Johnson Mansion.

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Punch jumped out and paid the fare. Harold followed.

Why are they stopping here? Oh! I forgot to tell you that Punch's full name is William (Punch) Johnson, and it is his father's home. Finding the door open, Punch and Harold stepped inside. A servant came and took their coats. They then proceeded to Punch's room.

"The folks must have retired early tonight," he told Harold as they reached the room.

"I don't blame them if they feel anything like I do," answered the visitor. "I'm going to turn in right away!"

"But," protested Punch "we must think of a plan to get the money."

"First, I am going to send a letter to Dad and tell him where I am and I am broke; then we can go ahead," explained Harold.

"Just as you say," replied Punch.

The next morning Harold wrote a letter to his father.

"I'll post this letter and be back for lunch," he told Punch as he left.

"It was one o'clock and no sign of Harold. Where was he? What had happened? Had he gone home or been kidnapped? These were the thoughts that raced through Punch's mind when Harold did not come back for lunch as he had promised.

At last Punch decided to find out if he had gone home. In a few minutes he had returned from the telephone and no sign of Harold had yet been seen at the later's home. Should he tell the police? Yes, and by evening, after a search of the city, it was generally known that young Harold Wilson had disappeared.

Harold's father was a broken man.

"I suppose he's lost forever," he said after the third evening of his son's disappearance. Just then there was a knock at the door. One of the servants answered it, but found no one there. A note was lying on the door step addressed to Mr. Wilson.

"What's this?" asked that poor distracted man when presented with the note. The servant only said: "It is for you, sir," and left the room. Mr. Wilson quickly tore off the seal and read the note as I give it here:

"Sir, I have your son where he will never be found. I demand ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) in large bills on December 7th, to be left on the midnight street car that passes the I.O. U. club. If you attempt any treachery, your son will be lost forever.

Signed

"XXX"

"Well," cried Mr. Wilson, "what's ten thousand dollars to me! The plan is so simple I feel that I must fool that kidnapper. I will take it myself and leave it on the car, but I will have that car so full of plain clothes men that the minute he takes the money, he will be seized.

"You must be careful, John," warned Mrs. Wilson.

"Don't worry! That kidnapper is new at the game; I'll be all right."

Next day Punch received a letter.

"It looks like Harold's writing," he mused to himself as he opened it. His prophecy proved correct. The letter ran thus: Dear Punch:

I suppose you have been wondering where I am? I know it wasn't the exact thing to do, run off on a fellow and not say where. But you see that's the way I made my plans. This will be a farewell letter unless you follow in my footsteps, as I am enclosing my resignation from the I. O. U. Tell all the fellows good bye and that I will have the money all right. Don't tell Dad you heard from me.

As ever,

Harold.

"What do you think of that!" cried Punch as he finished reading.

"What sur?" asked a colored servant.

"Nothing! nothing!" answered Punch as he hurried out of the room.

Now let us see what really happened to Harold. On the day he disappeared he went to a near-by town and secured lodging. His plan was to secure a ransom from his father as a kidnapper.

But while having nothing to do but think, he began to realize that he was doing wrong and that gambling wasn't exactly the thing for a young man to be doing. Thus we have his letter to Punch. At least he decided to go and tell his father his intentions. On

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his way home he was really kidnapped by three men who wrote a new note to his father and held him prisoner.

"Ye'r can't get away," thundered one of the big thugs to Harold as the latter shifted his bound feet. Harold said nothing but after that it seemed he moved more carefully.

"That kid's scared, all right," said another of Harold's captors.

"Ye'r right," chimed another. Later two of thugs went away, leaving Herman as they called him, to guard.

"We sent yer old man a note tellin' him where to leave some money ta git yer back," Herman told Harold.

"If we git it, wi'll let ye'r loose."

"This rope hurts," complained Harold, indicating that which held his feet.

"See if you can't fix it." Herman leaned over with the intention of satisfying Harold. Then out shot a clean, hard fist.

"Oh!" cried Herman as he swayed trying to keep his balance. Then with another groan he fell to the floor and struck his head a blow that "laid him cold" as Harold afterward expressed it.

"That finishes him," Harold cooed quietly to himself. "It's a good thing that piece of glass was within reach," he thought as he cut the bonds off his feet. You see Harold had managed to cut his hands free with this glass and thus enabled him to "fix" Herman.

Harold now removed the thug's gun from his belt and sat down to wait for the other kidnappers. In about an hour he heard footsteps, and in walked the two thugs.

"Well, Herman, we got der dough," cried one in a cheerful voice.

"Hand it over then," commanded Harold leveling Herman's revolver at them.

"What!" They both shouted in surprise.

"It's the kid."

"Hand it over," persisted Harold.

"Well if dis do'an beat all," exclaimed the chief who was called Duncan.

"You'se got us dis time all right," admitted the other as he handed over the money.

"Throw that water on Herman," Harold ordered.

"Wake up!" screamed Duncan as he soused the unconscious form with cold water.

"Where am I?" asked the bewildered Herman as he opened his eyes.

"You'se right here, and so are we," said Ike, the third man. "A nize fix youse got us into. Let a little baby knock yer cold!"

"Shut up!" roared Harold as he kicked open the door. "March!" he commanded, and they marched.

How Harold ever managed it I don't know, but in the morning there were three kidnappers in the Chicago jail. That very morning Mr. Wilson received a letter which contained eight thousand dollars.

"Dear Dad," the letter read, "I am bound for the west hoping to make my fortune in a few years. I may return. I am sorry for my evil doings and hope for your forgiveness. Punch Johnson is with me. Give my regards to mother and the rest".

Your son,
Harold

P. S. I am inclosing \$8,000 which you gave to my kidnappers. As you know the whole amount was \$10,000, but I took \$2,000 for my passage and lodging.

"The poor boy! I wish he had taken it all," cried Mr. Wilson as he finished reading. "Did Harold make his fortune?" you ask. Well I don't know about the fortune, but I do know that he is doing well as Mr. Wilson received a letter about a year after he went away, stating that he and Punch were managing a big concern in the west.



Teacher "If your father bought a sixty-dollar radio set on the installment plan and paid off two dollars a week, how long will it take him to pay it off?"

Jimmy: "Ten years."

Teacher: "Sit down, you don't know the lesson."

Jimmy: "You don't know my father."

* * *

Jim: "S'matter Bill?"

Bill: "The doctor told me to drink hot water one hour before breakfast. I've done it for 40 minutes now and I can't swallow another drop."

Up Where the North Begins

Third Prize, Feature Stories, Willard Hildebrand, 9A.

IF you will look on the map of Upper Michigan, you will see at the north-western part of it, a peninsula running up to a sharp curving point. On this peninsula you will see a town named Calumet, an Indian name for peace pipe. About half way up this peninsula, there is a canal which is all natural except a mile or so, leaving Calumet on an Island. Away up in this neck of the woods is what I am going to tell about.

The chief industry of the island is copper mining. When I lived there we didn't have very much peace in our house because every once in a while there was a big bang! It was from the rock crushers of the copper mines and then there was a continuous roar! This is when the crushed rock is sliding into train cars, then all the noise of the train to carry it away.

I used to like to hike out into the woods every chance I would get. I don't believe there hardly could be a better country for sport in all the world.

One day a boy friend and I took a bicycle hike to a summer resort called Eagle Harbor, where his folks had a summer home. It was twenty miles there. We left Calumet early in the morning and got there in an hour or so, because it was mostly all down hill. Calumet is up on a point. No matter what direction you go when you leave Calumet, before long you will start to go down hill. We ate an early dinner and hiked to a trout stream, caught a mess of trout and started back, when we came across a deer. It was a large fawn, grazing in a small open space. We were but fifty or sixty feet away from it so if we just whispered or made the least bit of noise, away it would go. We ducked behind some bushes and watched it for awhile. Just beyond the deer there was a large fence that stood at least five and a half feet. While we were standing behind the bushes our little dog came running from behind us. This scared the life out of the deer. You know that when a deer gets scared, it can do its stuff. The deer was facing us.

It gave a twisting jump and jumped right over the fence. We could see its short tail bob up and down until it disappeared among the pines. Then we continued our walk. On our way back we took a short-cut to our cabin. On this short-cut we came across a clearing where some early settlers had dug for some copper but didn't succeed, only leaving an immense pile of rock. These rocks are not round and smooth like you see down here but they have many different shapes. Their shapes are just like chunks of ice that have been broken up by an axe, for this rock was simply blown to pieces when the mine was being built. They not only left an immense pile of rock, but a deep deep hole also was left. Around this hole was an old rail fence. We took a rock that must have weighed ten pounds, threw it into the hole and about every second or two you could hear a big roaring echo. It would go bang! then there would be a continuous roar. This roaring bang would continue for exactly sixteen seconds by my watch. Then we could hear a powerful splash. This was when the rock fell into the water at the bottom of the mine. Then another echo would follow for about five seconds more. I said to Harry. "Boy, that sounds just as if the devil is growling at us."

Then we walked on and found our continued trail, where every tree, stick and everything but our path was placed where nature put it. A very few people are apt to be on this trail because the only people that know of this stream are some of the people that have summer homes at Eagle Harbor. Finally we came to a mountain side which was very steep and here our trail ended. Harry had blazed the trees where he thought it was safest to get to the bottom. If you looked at the opposite mountain you could see nothing but a forest of green and red. This scene is beyond my words.

Trout fishing is the best fishing up there. To me it has all other fishing beat.

Of the few pike that I have caught, none of them have fought anything like a trout.

Last summer my uncle came up to see us. He is a biology teacher in a high school at Chicago. He has traveled in many parts of the United States. One day I took him out with his little Ford coupe to see a little of the country up there. I took him to a mountain side where you could see a beautiful lake in the distance, between the mountains. He said, "Well sir, I must say it, that I have never seen a more beautiful sight in all my life and in all the places that I have been.

I would advise you to tell your mother and father when they go on their next auto trip to go up north. You can't get a better place for camping, fishing, hunting, studying nature, or anything on that line that you want. It is simply beyond my words to describe those beautiful mountain sides. Just take a trip up there and see it. I am sure you will enjoy it.

Never make an attempt to take an auto trip up there in the winter time, unless you want to dig your way though ten feet of snow. There is so much snow that they do not try to remove it from the roads but roll it down with large rollers.

In the winter time the farmers do not come to town in an automobile but they come in on a long, narrow and thin pair of skis. They usually carry on their backs, a bag of something that they bring from the farm to sell in town. Some times when it's snowing they look just like Santa Claus.

One day on a Christmas vacation, two boys and I took a hike out into the woods to cut a Christmas tree. The winter time is just as much a time for sport to the people up there as the summer time. We started out on snow shoes and we had to stay on them until we were back in town too, because if we would just step off of our snow shoes and we would sink in the snow nearly up to our neck. This was right after a snow storm and the snow was soft and fluffy. We got our Christmas trees in some woods that were nearly all evergreen trees so we had many to pick from. There were snow shoe tracks all over in the woods. Not only snow shoe tracks but skis too, because it was rabbit season and there were a lot of people out hunt-

ing. It was a wonderful sight to see those Christmas trees all covered with snow until the branches were breaking off.

There are very few farmers around Calumet so there is a very little of cleared land. This makes most of the country around there a wilderness. So you can imagine how nice it is in the winter time when everything is all covered with snow and ice. But of course you know this is only where the north begins.

Where the long trail winds thru the whispering pines

And the birds in the summer go,

Where the brook trout leap in the riffles deep,

And the cool sweet breezes blow;

Where the Indian canoe shoots the rapids thru

In chase of the deer and bear,

Where the partridge drums as his shy mate comes—

The North begins—right there!

The Orchestra

THE C. J. H. S. orchestra has had a steady growth since it was first organized. This year it has numbered approximately sixty players; at the present time we have fifty nine. The orchestra gives excellent training in ensemble work and gives foundational training for future playing. The inspirational value is very great, for a bit of music helps each day to go more smoothly.

The instrumentation is as follows:

19 first violins; 16 second violins; 2 violas; 4 clarinets; 2 flutes; 4 saxophones; 1 tuba; 2 double basses; 2 drums; 2 trombones; 2 mellaphones; 5 cornets; 1 piano.

First Band

In the first band we have about forty-five pupils, who are trying to win and keep a high place in music. The band meets three times a week on Monday, Wednesday and Friday first hour. We have a very efficient director in the person of Mr. S. L. Flueckiger.

We have about seven "B flat" clarinets; one "E flat" clarinet; eight cornets; four flutes; six saxophones; five mellaphones; two baritones; four trombones; two upright and one circular tuba; three snare drums; one bass drum. This gives us a fine harmony when "hitting on all forty-five."

Alice Ober

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BOYS' TRACK

First Row, Left to Right—Theron Fager, Robt. Speer, Junior Leesch, Wm. Satterlee, Wm. Loney, Winfred Wrege, John Morrell, Norman Fry.
Second Row—Coach Kenneth Roush, Brewer Grant, Wm. Stevens, Bernard French, Robt. Sprance.

Physical Education

THE Physical Education Department has had a very successful year. Two gymnasium exhibitions, showing the formal part of the floor work, were put on and were successes both financially and in the quality of the work displayed. This is a typical program of the exercises and floor work:

Event	Grade	Instructor
Musical Concert, Jr. High Band		Mr. Flueckiger
Indian Club Drill, Boys 9		Mr. K. Roush
Dumbbell Drill, Girls 7 to 9		Miss L. Dailey
Wand Drill, Boys 8		Mr. E. Chaffee
Motivated Exercises, Girls 9		Miss L. Larson
Rope Climbing, Boys 9		Mr. K. Roush
Dumbbell Drill, Boys 7		Mr. E. Chaffee
Sport Clog, Girls		Miss L. Dailey
Marching, Girls 7, 8, 9		Miss L. Larson
Dumbbell Drill, Boys 8		Mr. K. Roush
Indian Club Drill, Boys 9		Mr. E. Chaffee
Tumbling, Girls 8		Miss L. Dailey
Tumbling, Girls 7		Miss L. Larson
Tumbling, Boys 7, 8, 9		Mr. E. Chaffee

Besides the formal work a boys' home room basketball tournament was run off, with sixteen teams entered. This was won by Room 104 in the ninth grade and room 207A in the eighth grade. This spring the

department is putting on a boys' home room playground ball tournament with 21 teams entered as well as having a playground ball schedule within their regular boys' gym classes with 66 teams taking part. Every boy thus has an opportunity to belong to some team and to receive the fun as well as the physical benefit derived from playing the game.

Track

The boys in the picture are those that still remain of Central Junior's Track team that last year easily defeated St. Mary's Juniors and in the spring meet against South Junior, North Junior and Webber Junior, won 4 divisions, tied for first in another and lost one division out of a possible 6. This year's team should be as good as last. Fager, Morrell, Lisee, Sparschu, Wrege, Stevens and Leesch should win a good many points for Central.

Base Ball

Prospects for a good base ball team are fine. A record turn out of 55 boys were out

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for the team. Bad weather has handicapped the practice but even so the boys are showing up well. Of last year's team, Fager short stop and Kopanik outfielder, look to have their jobs cinched. Merrell an outfielder last year is trying out as a pitcher but will land somewhere being a good hitter. The rest of the jobs are still open with two good men fighting for each place. Ace Park will be the home field this year and a charge of 10c for each game will probably be made.

Schedule of game as so far arranged is as follows:

Lutheran Seminary, April 18	-----	Away
North Junior High, April 25	-----	Away
Central Junior Teachers, April 30	-----	Home
South Junior High, May 2	-----	Home
Bay City Handy Junior, May 9	-----	Away
North Junior High, May 16	-----	Home
South Junior High, May 24	-----	Away
Open, May 31	-----	
Bay City Handy Junior, June 6	-----	Home

Soccer

Central Junior High has added another championship banner to their collection in soccer this time. Two games each with North and South Intermediates made up a short schedule. Games were so closely contested that Central's record of 1 win, 3 ties, and no defeats won for them. Of the

players Roger Brasseur and Martin Glancz forwards, John Morrell, halfback, and Victor Stadnikia, goal guard, deserve special mention. Letters were awarded to Captain Pendell, Kenneth Woods, Victor Stadnikia, James Ikner, John Ikner, John Morrell, Edward Farmer, Frank Chilson, Harold Bradley, Glen Hayes, Laverne Gonyea, Martin Glancz, Roger Brasseur, and Theron Fager.

LIGHTWEIGHT SCHEDULE

Central Junior High 20	St. Mary's Junior	4
Central Junior High 10	Bay City Handy	8
Central Junior High 12	South Int.	6
Central Junior High 7	North Int.	17
Central Junior High 12	Alumni	8
Central Junior High 19	South Int.	15
Central Junior High 11	North Int.	19
Central Junior High 28	St. Mary's Junior	9
Central Junior High 21	Bay City Handy	12

Total 139

Total 98

HEAVYWEIGHT SCHEDULE

Central Junior High 13	Bay City Handy	12
Central Junior High 12	South Int.	13
Central Junior High 26	North Int.	16
Central Junior High 15	South Int.	16
Central Junior High 16	North Int.	18
Central Junior High 20	Arthur Hill Res.	18
Central Junior High 12	Bay City Handy	18
Central Junior High 22	Flint Emerson Jr.	24
Central Junior High 18	Sag. High Res.	26

Total 143

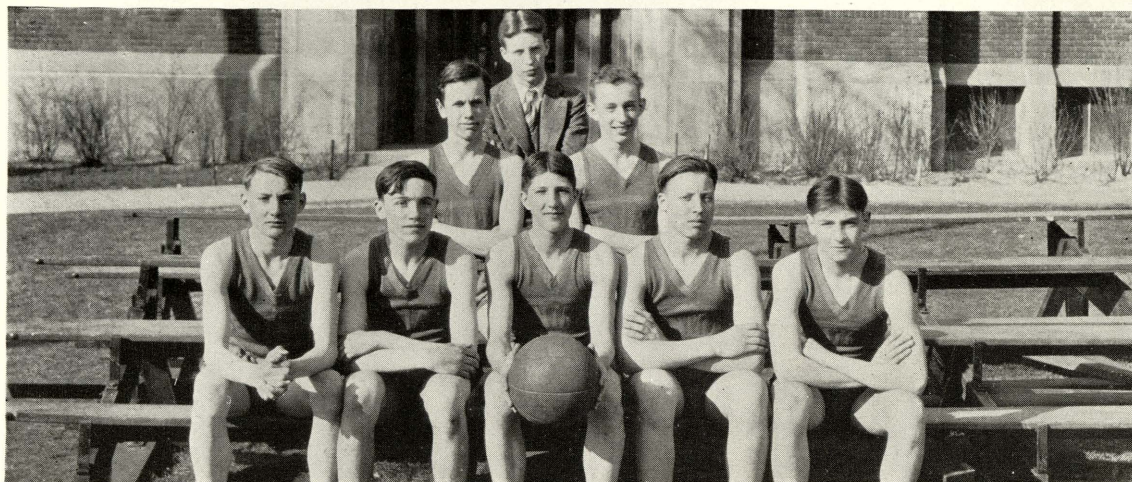
Total 159



BOYS' BASEBALL TEAM

First Row, Left to Right—Arthur Wruck, Winfred Wrege, Elmer Potts, Alfred Grzesiak, Malcolm House, Joe Ciolek, Aldrich Kopanik, Raymond Brown, Ernest Freed, Theron Fager, John Morrell.
 Second Row—Augustus Smith, Norman Schroeder, William Rorke, Herman Firchau, Clare Kelley, Walter Gorney, Herman Kramer, Robert Kouts, Norman Reimold, William Satterlee, Junior Leesch, Robert Conchey.
 Standing—Coach Kenneth Roush, Principal N. W. Chaffee.

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HEAVYWEIGHT BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row Left to Right— Elmer Potts, Ernest Freed, Theron Fager, Raymond Brown, William Loney.
Second Row—Eugene Slater, Jack Beierwaltes, Coach Ebner Chaffee.

Basket Ball

Prospects for a very successful basket ball season were not bright at the start of the 1928 season for either the heavyweight or lightweight squad, but both teams finally came through with good records. More interest was taken in basketball this year due to scheduling out of town games with Bay City and Flint.

Heavyweights

Theron Fager at right forward looks to be one of the best prospects ever to leave Central Junior High School. He is a good shot, speedy and a fine team man. Elmer Potts, an eighth grader, did some fine work, a great deal is expected of him next year. Letters were awarded to Captain Theron Fager, Elmer Potts, Ernest Freed, Raymond Brown, William Loney, Willard Hildebrand, Eugene Slater, and Jack Beierwaltes.

For the lightweights Captain Arthur Wruck starred on offence, aggressive, a good floor man and a fine shot, he led the attack. John Savage at center played consistently good ball as did Glen Hayes at guard. Bob Spence and Winifred Wrege are fine eighth grade prospects and probably will be heavyweights next year. Letters were awarded to Captain Arthur

Wruck, John Savage, Robert Spence, Winifred Wrege, Glen Hayes, Robert Speer, Bob Couchey, Norman Fry, Arthur Bremer, and Thomas Denton.

Volley Ball

The girls' volley ball team lost three games last fall and therefore put them out of running for the championship, but regardless of this their spirit was never lessened.

Every girl played the game every minute and with thanks to our loyal supporters we were able to prove a worthy opponent to each team we played.

If in every sport to follow we have the support of our big student body we shall have more championship banners than we have room for in our gyms.

* * *

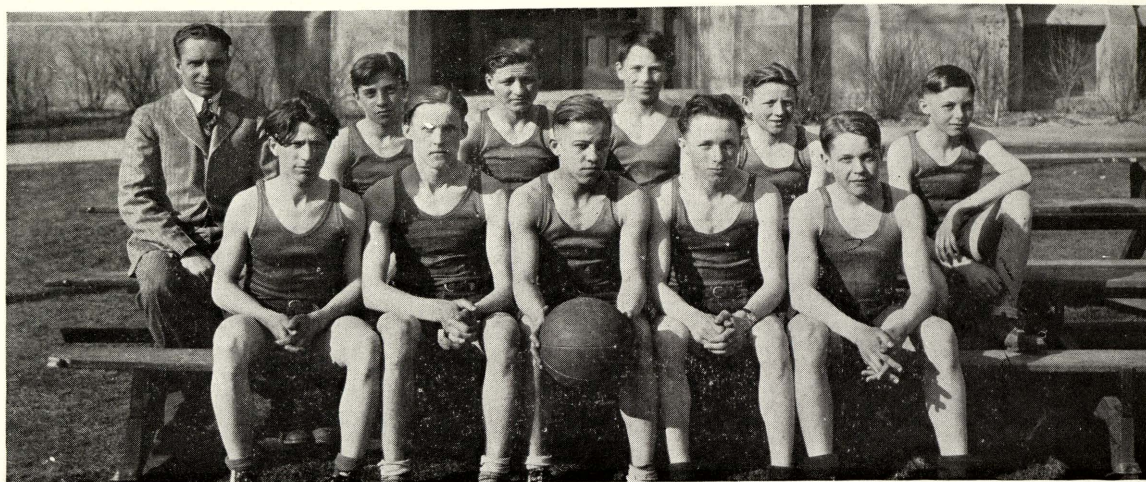
"What has become of your brother?" inquired a friendly mosquito.

"He met a terrible fate," answered the other. "Those human beings poured kerosene all over the place."

"But he liked kerosene."

"Yes, that was the trouble. He gorged himself with it and then collided with a lightning bug."—

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LIGHTWEIGHT BASKET BALL TEAM

First Row, Left to Right—Glen Hayes, John Savage, Arthur Wruck, Winfred Wrege, Robert Spence.
Second Row, Coach Kenneth Roush, Robt. Speer, Ellsworth Pelon, Robt. Conchy, Arthur Bremer, Norman, Fry.

"Did you hear that Professor of ours died?"

"Just my luck. Here I finished his assignment for tomorrow."

* * *

For Sale: Small team of mules and two wagons well broken and almost as good as new.

"Oh, dad there's a black bug on the ceiling."

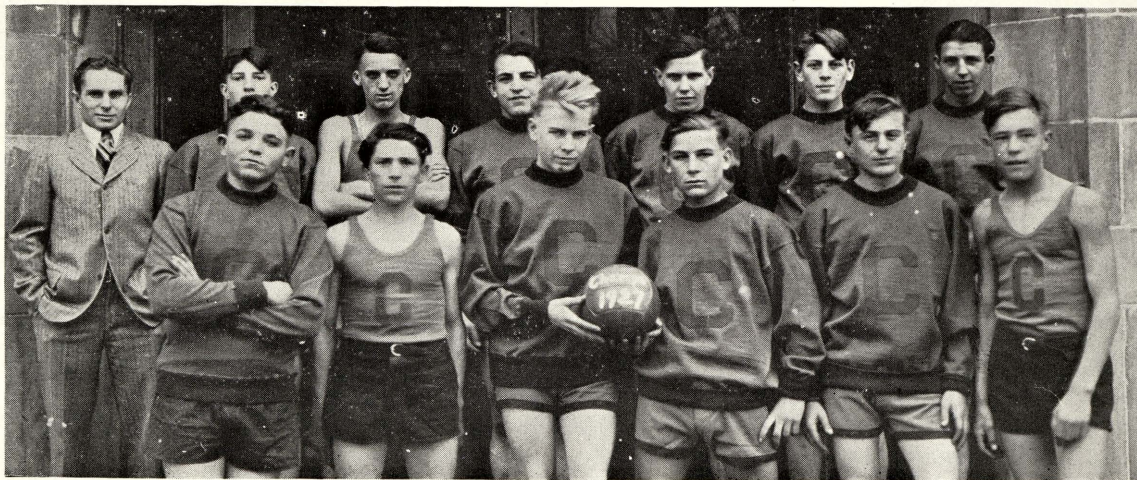
"All right, step on it, don't bother me."

* * *

A Scotchman was seen frying his bacon in "Lux" to keep it from shrinking.

* * *

Unless you are useful you're not a success.



SOCCER TEAM

First Row, Left to Right—Martin Glancz, Glen Hayes, Richard Peadell, Roger Brasseur, Edward Farmer, Harold Bradly.
Second Row—Coach Kenneth Roush, Theron Fager, Laverne Gonyea, Frank Chilson, John Ikner, John Morrell, Kenneth Woods.

THE ANNUAL REFLECTOR



Upper View—Volley Ball Team. Center View—Track Team. Lower View—Baseball Team.

Great Men—What They Did For the World

Third Prize, Miscellaneous Group, Jack Shaler, 8B.

WHEN we study our great men carefully we find that it isn't always what they did for the world that makes them a leader among men. Some men live only as examples for future human existence and civilization to follow or abolish. Some of the qualities that form to make the man are his mode of living, his personality, and his character.

Andrew Jackson and Theodore Roosevelt, both eminent American presidents gave much to the world; but on the other hand don't you suppose that they earned themselves a place in history through their fiery speeches and quick temper along with their undaunted courage and bravery? They taught the world to be fearless.

Abraham Lincoln proved to the world, unknowingly, that the boy or girl from the backwoods can rise to fame and even the presidency of the United States may find its way into their lives. He also proved that the common man is a better leader among men.

McKinley was afraid his popularity would alter his character. Soon after he was elected to the presidency friends rushed to his home to congratulate him, but were humiliated to find him kneeling by his bedside, praying that the Lord might keep him humble despite the fact that he was elected to the highest office of the land.

Woodrow Wilson always thought he wasn't understood. People always told him he wouldn't listen to criticism, but they knew he would; they just wanted someone to lay the blame for the war onto. Shadows of war presidency shattered Wilson but it didn't shatter his heroism. But, however, we don't know the real Woodrow Wilson yet and we won't for many years to come.

And Calvin Coolidge today is trying to teach the world that the quiet man seldom gets into trouble, but they don't seem to believe him. What the people of the United States want is men who will talk us up the front page newspapers every day on some bill that is being passed in Congress or on some question concerning

the welfare of the people. They are trying to make Coolidge into a man like that but they can't do it.

Really great men never get big headed, if they do, we don't call them great.



Foods

UNDER our capable teachers the girls taking foods this year have acquired a great deal of new information. The purpose of foods is to teach the girls to be economical housewives. A budget is also planned and the girls are taught how to plan their money for food in the home. They are taught this method as a valuable aid in thrift.

The ninth grade girls taking foods understand that the last year in Central Junior High is the most interesting. The study of invalid cooking, which gives a new line of work that has never been studied in the seventh and eighth grades.

Invalid cooking takes up different diets of food, classified under each diet the kinds of food best suited for the person who is ill. After the study of invalid cooking is completed; next comes the studying and planning of foods most suitable for dinners. The eighth grade plan such foods that are more suitable luncheons. While the seventh grade plan those foods classed for a breakfast, which consist of gruel and certain fruits.

Another valuable thing we get out of cooking is the art of serving meals in the wonderful dining room that we now have. The girls are grouped together like a family which gives them a clearer idea of how the home can be made happier by having dainty meals served in a delightful dining room.

These pupils of home room 202 have not been absent or tardy all year; Henrieta Schramkoski, Margaret Waack, Mabel Volz.

Cousin Priscilla

Second Prize, Stories, Older Group, Margaret Perkins, 9A.

IT was a dark, gloomy night. A blanket of mist covered the little town of Bingham. Automobile lights could be seen piercing the thick fog.

In a large house on the main residential street a young girl, in spite of the dreary weather, was very happy. She was the daughter of George Dwight, the mayor of Bingham. At this moment, she could be seen eagerly reading a letter. She jumped up in great excitement and ran to her mother.

"Oh mother," she called, "Cousin Priscilla is coming, the one I have never seen. She is the one that sent that lovely Christmas gift last year. We must have Celeste fix the guest room for her."

Mrs. Dwight, a small, calm woman, walked out of her room to meet her daughter.

"Surely," the guest room will be fixed.

Tell Celeste to go immediately and begin the work. When will Priscilla's train arrive?"

"She said she would be here at thirty on Saturday."

"Oh mother," Bernice exclaimed, "I wonder how she will look? I picture her having light curly hair, fair skin and beautiful blue eyes."

Mrs. Dwight smiled slightly as if she had seen this much talked of cousin but she did not tell her daughter what her appearance was.

"Yes," she murmured to herself after Bernice had left her in search of Celeste, "she does look something like that, but, never-the-less, I'm afraid Bernice will be disappointed."

Mrs. Dwight then went up to the guest room and found Bernice already putting clean linen on the bed and dresser. Celeste was carefully hanging clean curtains. Everything must be spotless.

After two days of anxiety the much looked for Saturday arrived.

"I'll drive down to the station at 3:15 to be sure and be there on time," she thought as she prepared to retire Friday night.

After a sleepless night the eventful hour arrived. True to her promise, Bernice could be seen seated in a sport roadster at 3:15 before the Union Depot.

She jumped out of her car and over to the information desk.

"Will the Chicago train be on time?" she asked anxiously.

"We just received a message saying that an accident had occurred and it will be one-half hour late," a smiling girl answered.

Bernice held her breath as she mentioned the accident.

"Thank you," Bernice said when the girl finished the explanation. She walked slowly back to the car.

"I will wait," she said to herself. At 3:40 the late train came puffing into the station. Again Bernice jumped from the car, this time more anxious than before.

People of many descriptions alighted from the train. Eagerly Bernice scanned each face in search of a girl, "with light curly hair, fair skin and beautiful blue eyes." She glanced around uneasily. As she turned, her eyes met a sight which made her heart leap! There was a young girl, not fifteen feet away from her wearing a dark blue suit. The stranger's back was turned, but her light curly hair could not be mistaken. She carried a chic felt hat in her hand.

"It is she," Bernice exclaimed to herself. She took a step toward the strange girl. Her hand trembled as it neared the sleeve of the blue suit coat.

"Now, if she only has blue eyes she will be perfect!" thought Bernice.

She spoke rapidly as she said, "Are you Priscilla Littell?"

"Yes," exclaimed the girl as she turned to face Bernice.

She looked hard into her eyes. Yes they were blue, but, to her horror, Cousin Priscilla was cross-eyed.

The Poor Fish

A Short Fish Story by Dorothy Warne

WELL, my dear readers, I think I had better inform you that this is to be the story of my life. A life full of narrow escapes and hardships it most certainly has been. I am lucky but today is Friday the thirteenth and I am on my death bed, along with several others of my race. My death bed is the bottom of a large tin pail. Oh! my breath is coming in short, painful gasps. I must hurry on with my story or it shall never be told.

I am a perch of the commonest kind.

None of my relatives either distant or close were kings or queens, although one of my great uncles was noted for his skill in escaping nets, hooks and the such likes. I often have wished that I was a speckled trout or a pickerel—they have such good looking coats. Don't you think? But being an optimist at heart I can say without jealousy that perhaps my shape is not the type to wear a suit like theirs.

I was born with several other small brothers and sisters near the edge of a very large body of water—the name I believe is the Saginaw river. There were several thousand of us at first but my mother was of the frivolous type and she swam away after our birth, leaving us to be preyed upon by the larger fish in the river. I have never seen my mother since that day. Oh, cruel world! Several of my brothers and sisters were swept away by the current or devoured by greedy fish of our own kind. (I suppose you wonder how I know all this, but I can say without egotism that I always have been credited for having a marvelous mental capacity and I surmised all these things from within my small, thin shell.) A few hours later I came from my shell and was introduced to a world of water. In fact I thought that was the only world then. That was when I was young and foolish but with age comes wisdom so I know better now. I will tell you later how I found out that there was another world.

I was never a very sociable fish but I often talked with elderly fish of my own

kind and I learned from them all about the snares and traps that await poor, innocent little fish. These talks were blessings in disguise for they were the only things that kept me on the straight and narrow path of life.

I grew on and on but even with a year or two of growth I was only about two inches long and so thin that I could have been drawn through the eye of a darning needle. My only food for years was that of sea weed or those minute organisms that exist so plentifully in the water. But this sort of a diet grows tiresome, especially when it is quite tasteless. So I resolved in my own mind to find a way to get, or a new source from which, I could obtain my food. I was too small, (now about four inches in length) to eat very small fish and besides the memory of the many attempts made on my life held this in distaste to me. I thought I would try nibbling bait, no matter how great the risk, for I was becoming desperate.

I swam along at a good, rapid pace for several hours—lo and behold! before me, wiggling in the water was a long, fat and seemingly juicy worm. Oh the joy and yet the fear that it brought to my tender fishy heart, for I knew the worm concealed the treacherous hook. I swam around it several times, making sure of its position. At last summoning all my courage I took a very small nibble at the worm and much to my astonishment it slipped off the cruel looking hook. This worm was good for at least a year. But my joy was not long to last, for a greedy Bass, (oh how I despise them) took it savagely away from me. I was dumfounded and the shock of the incident left me unconscious for several minutes. But I repeat, I am an optimist so I conceived the idea of trying again. Why not? Perhaps those were fish stories that I had heard so repeatedly from my elders.

Swimming along for a long period of time I again spied another worm. Not so fat as the other perhaps but a worm is a worm and we fish can't be too particular

THE ANNUAL REFLECTOR

so I went through the same process as before but woe is me! I was not successful! I nibbled once and the fool thing didn't budge so I tried again a little harder this time but before I knew what had happened I felt a sharp pain in my mouth and I was pulled from the water by a swift movement from above. Wiggling helplessly on the end of the line I caught a glimpse of an entirely new world.

It was a world of land and clear blue skies. From my position on the end of the line the water was an alluring blue-green.

I felt very proud that this was my home as it looked to others. Then I turned my attention to the conversation and heard much to my surprise, a young girl say disgustedly, "Oh! what a poor excuse for a fish, I thought surely that I had caught a good sized perch," and then as the others in the boat laughed she threw me back into the world of water from which I came. So that was a real human being. Oh! the thrill of it all and being so interested in that I almost forgot my narrow escape with death.

I will now skip a few years of my life in which nothing notable occurred, excepting the development of my body and mind.

I am now a perch of quite a number of years (we fish have no way to keep account of our age) but I estimated that I was about fourteen or fifteen years old, ten inches in length and as fine a perch as you could wish for, if I do say so myself.

Now comes the incident that caps the climax of my eventful life.

I was swimming around leisurely with nothing in view. I had eaten a good dinner several days before and consequently was feeling quite happy and contented. I closed my eyes for a second, just sort of dozed when ship ahoy! I had bumped into a worm. Now I repeat I was not really hungry but the sight of that worm dangling so tantalizingly on the end of that line was too much for me. I confess I am a trifle weak in such matters so I yielded to the temptation and made ready to attack the worm. I can curse myself now for my foolishness. It indeed reminds me of that quaint story about Eve who ate an apple and suffered ever after.

Well to go on with my story, I snapped harder than I intended and I thus met my doom. The sharp pain again came into my mouth only this time it was much more severe. I was hauled into the boat, amid exclamations of delight for I was of course considered quite a prize. When taking that cruel hook from my mouth the man pulled part of my lungs out and so if they did free me as I hoped they would I'd perhaps die anyway.

He placed me in the pail in which I am now resting, hardly resting but there is a little water in the pail, thank goodness! Oh, I do hope I shall go to fish heaven.

I am dying—yes dying by inches and as I am only ten inches in length, I shall soon be gone. Goodbye, cruel world—goodbye! (I most forgot, I'm an optimist) so, no matter how hard it is I will say my farewell again. It is thus: Goodbye rosy "hued" world of which I am so fond. Good-bye and now I shall say my prayers, which I feel will be the last.

"I shot an arrow into the air. It fell in the distance, I knew not where. Till a neighbor said it killed his calf and I had to pay him six and a half.

* * *

Teacher: "What was George Washington noted for?"

Pupil: "His memory."

Teacher: "What makes you think his memory was good?"

Pupil: "They erected a monument to it."

* * *

A boy was asked to write a composition on a goose, and here is the result: "The goose is a low heavy-set bird, composed mostly of meat and feathers. His head sets on one end, and he sets on the other. He cannot sing much on account of the moisture in which he lives. He carries a toy ballon in his stomach to keep from sinking. A goose has two legs. and they set so far back on his running gear that they came pretty near missing his body. Some geese, when they get big are called ganders. Ganders don't have to set and hatch, but just loaf, eat, and go swimming. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander."

Personal Opinions on The Reflector

This group of letters has been acquired through correspondence with a number of prominent figures in the educational field, literary field, and political field. The result of the plan was interesting as well as instructive. I had this object in mind when corresponding with these people—"to better the school paper in every possible way."

The criticism received was entirely constructive.

Due to the length of Mr. Treanor's letter, only part of it will appear in this column.

The letter:

THE SAGINAW DAILY NEWS
Saginaw, Michigan

Mr. Jack J. Shaler,
208 Martha Street,
Saginaw, Michigan.

Dear Jack:

I have read the "Reflector" with a lot of interest and believe you and your fellow students deserving of hearty congratulations for the very interesting way in which it is prepared and published.

There are a few suggestions which might improve the paper. Don't you think that it would be a little better if on the front page you printed the name and folio number and date? This, of course, has a number of advantages. It would indicate to the casual reader at once that there was a continuity in connection with the publication of the "Reflector."

It is a very good idea to have numerous members of the school write articles and it is always a very good idea to have all of your headings of the same general type. Also it is noticeable that sometimes more than one member of the staff contributes more than one signed article. In the interest of development of a good school spirit and also in the hope of bringing more material in it might be better to limit signed articles to one in each edition.

Altogether it is my frank judgment that the "Reflector" speaks very well for the students of Central Junior High School and they deserve commendation and credit for the fine way in which they have made the most of their opportunity.

Sincerely yours,
A. R. TREANOR, Editor and Manager,
Saginaw Daily News.

* * *

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES
Washington, D. C.

January 16, 1928

My Dear Sir:

I am sorry that I am not a judge of what a newspaper published by a High School ought to be, therefore am not qualified to express my

opinion as you ask it. I sincerely hope that you find the conducting of such a paper useful to yourself and to the community that enjoys it.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. TAFT.

* * *

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor, Michigan
President's Office

January 18, 1928

Mr. Jack J. Shaler,
208 Martha Street,
Saginaw, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Shaler:

I have looked over the "Reflector" which you so kindly sent me, with a great deal of pleasure. I should think that you would have a lot of fun in getting it out and it appeals to me as being a very bright and interesting publication. I think that your school is decidedly to be congratulated on it.

Very sincerely yours,

C. C. LITTLE,
President of the U. of M.

* * *

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.
The Speaker's Rooms,
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Jack J. Shaler,
208 Martha Street,
Saginaw, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Shaler:

Your note of February 28th just reached me, together with a copy of the "Reflector." It is an excellent school paper it seems to me and I have enjoyed looking it over. You are to be congratulated upon its makeup.

With best wishes, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
NICHOLAS LONGWORTH,
Speaker of the House of Representatives

THE ANNUAL REFLECTOR

What They Say About Us.

"The best high school magazine we have received this year."

The Artisan Mechanical Arts High School,
Boston, Mass.

* * *

"Your poetry is worthy of comment."
The Arrow, Eastern Junior High School,
Pontiac, Michigan.

* * *

"We commend your editorial staff and pupils of your school for editing such a fine, complete paper. We liked all editorials and stories in your November, 1927 issue.

The Log,
West Medford, Mass.

* * *

"Your topics are very interesting."
Dewey-Mann School,
Chester, Penn.

* * *

"We have just received a very interesting letter from you concerning our question of Dec. 1, 1927. We were glad to hear from you."

Martin Outlook,
Fall River, Mass.

* * *

"I think the 1927 Christmas number of the Reflector is the finest school number I have ever seen.

Minnie R. Erwin.

We Wish to Acknowledge the Following Exchanges:

"The Smedley Broadcaster," Grand Rapids, Mich.

"The Tail of the Jay," Junction City, Kansas.

"The Preston Echo," Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Monroe Life," Rochester, N. Y.

"The Broadcaster," Roosevelt Jr. High School,
Amsterdam, N. Y.

"The Bugle," Washington Jr. High School,
Duluth, Minn.

"The Wolf," Easton, Pa.

"The Junior Pioneer," Henry Ford High School,
Fall River, Mass.

"The Arrow," Eastern Jr. High, Pontiac, Mich.

"Byers Junior News," Byers Junior High,
Denver, Colorado.

"The Artisan," Boston, Mass.

Betty Boetcher, Exchange Editor.

Jokes

Jack Reed: "What goes around the block for fifty cents?"

Jim Dixon: "A taxi."

Jack Reed: "No, a barber."

* * *

Judge: "Did you hit this man in self defence?"
Prisoner: "No sir, I hit him with my fist and jumped defence".

* * *

QUICK WORK

A young enlisted man from Arkansas was assigned with his command to the Philippines. On arrival he cabled his father. Next day the father was speaking about it to a friend.

"Great thing that cable, Bill," remarked the father. "Just think of that message coming all them thousands of miles!"

"Yes and thundering quick too," commented Bill. "Quick? Well I should say so," said the father, "when I got that message, the mucilage on the envelope wasn't dry yet."

* * *

CRUSHED!

A young collegian was explaining his tardiness in keeping an appointment with one of his fair friends:

"I wouldn't have been late, only I was trying to decide whether to shave or not."

Sweet Young Thing (innocently):

"And what did you decide?"

* * *

WASN'T FLAVORED

A small boy was seen sitting moodily on the front porch of his home.

"What makes you so downcast?" a friendly neighbor inquired.

"Well," replied the boy, "if I had it to do over again I wouldn't eat up sister's lipstick—not even for spite."

* * *

LAUGH THAT OFF

"Mummy, do you say 'it is me' or 'it is I'?"

"Always remember the rhyme:

"It is I," said the spider to the fly."

"I see—but couldn't you say 'it is me' said the spider to the flea?"

—Passing Show

* * *

SMILES

Poor Miss Seymour came near getting herself in trouble last night. She started, according to her usual habit, to look under her bed—

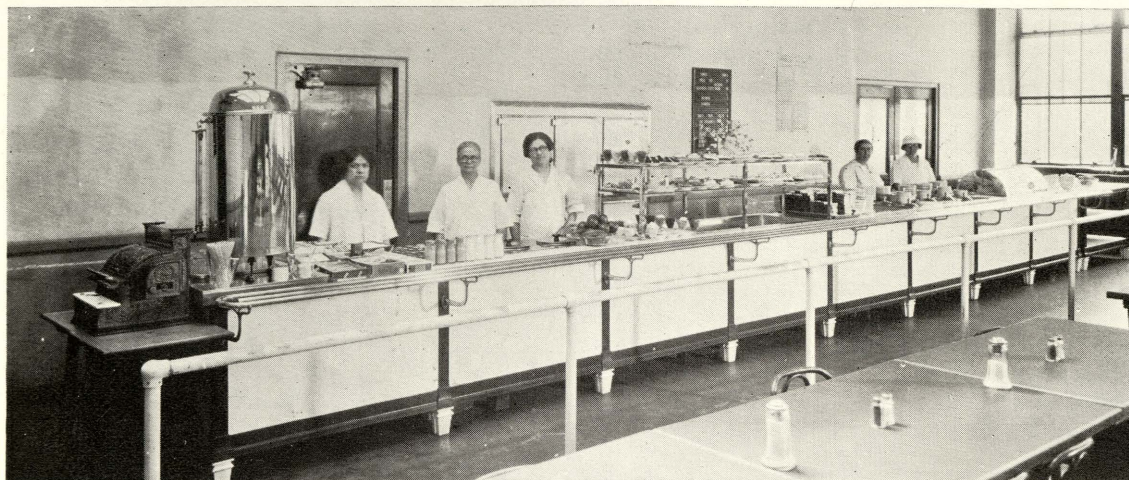
"Well?"

"Well, her bed at the time happened to be an upper berth in a sleeping-car".

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS



CAFETERIA

Commercial Course

THE object of the commercial course is to train one for the business world. The best evidence that the Commercial course is fast becoming recognized at its true worth is the number of pupils choosing it. The main subjects are:

1. Bookkeeping
2. Commercial Geography
3. Civics
4. English
5. Typing

We are taught how to take care of books in the business office in bookkeeping. How and where to record the different transactions and how to post them in the ledger. We prove our problem by a Trial Balance. We find out if business is running at a profit or loss by making a profit and loss statement. The bookkeeping teachers are Miss Guilford and Miss Fesler.

The Commercial Geography classes are conducted by Mrs. Van Welde and Miss Haas. Geography is a study in relationship; in causes and effects. It is no longer a citation of facts. It is a study to determine reactions of plant and animal life to conditions in the surrounding environment in which they live. Directly or indirectly

all human activities as well as those of other living creatures are molded and shaped by conditions over which they have no control. The climate, latitude, soil and topography determine the plant and animal life of any region. Some regions have more people than they can supply with all their wants. Other regions have more than they need of certain products. We are interested in the transfer of people and the transfer of needs and wants of the people.

In the eighth grade English classes, we study grammar and literature. In the ninth grade we continue grammar and take up the story of Scott's *Ivanhoe*, which is very interesting. The teachers of the English department are:

1. Miss Sharpe
2. Miss Clark
3. Miss Lichtenauer
4. Miss Hugener
5. Mrs. Fisher
6. Mr. Boertman
7. Miss Rademacher

Typewriting in Central Junior is begun in the eighth grade. The foundations of skill in the use of the typewriter are laid in the first few lessons. Proper technique

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is stressed from the beginning because we know that if correct habits of operating the keyboard and the important parts of the typewriter are not acquired from the beginning, the pupil is handicapped throughout the course. After proper technique, accuracy is stressed. Assignments are worked out intelligently and honestly. Each one has a definite purpose in the development of typing skill.

Tests are given once a week. At this time each pupil is given an opportunity to compete with all others of his grade. Great interest has been created by these tests. Results are tabulated, showing the gross words, the errors, and the net words per minute.

Though speed is not a factor in Junior High typing, there are several pupils making splendid records for themselves. Forty-two words per minute, typing from new copy, being the best record thus far made.

Besides regular work, the 9A and 10B pupils have typed all Reflector copy and have cooperated with several departments in typing material to be used in the various class rooms.

The instructors in this department are Miss Thayer and Miss MacDonald.

Margaret Rupprecht

Ella Mae Dalton

* * *

If you can't be a leader, learn to be a loyal follower. The world needs both.

Well Spiked

"Are you the plumber?" asked the lady of the house.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm the plumber all right."

"Well," she replied, "I just want to caution you to exercise care when doing your work. All my floors are highly polished and in perfect condition."

"Oh, don't worry about me slippin', lady; I've got nails in me shoes."

* * *

Teacher: "Why don't you answer me?"

Lawrence Smith: "I did shake my head."

Teacher: "Well, do you expect me to hear it rattle up here?"

* * *

Four animals went to the carnival—a duck, a pig and a skunk. All of them got in except one. The duck had a bill, the pig had four quarters, and the frog had a green back. All the skunk had was a scent and that was a bad one.

* * *

Autoist: "What part of the machine causes the most accidents?"

Other man: "Usually the nut at the steering wheel."

* * *

"Spunk"

A little cork fell in the path of a whale
Who lashed it down with his angry tail,
But in spite of his blows, the cork quickly arose;
And floated serenely before his nose;
Said the cork, "You may flap and splutter and frown,
But you never, never can keep me down;
For I'm made of stuff, that's buoyant enough,
To float instead of to drown."



MAINTENANCE STAFF

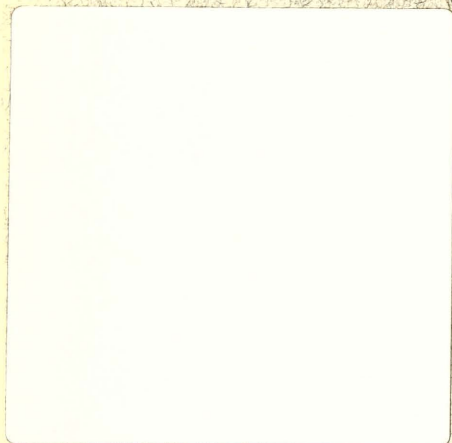
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